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SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY J. R.

The links are golden, yet for ever fret
With keen if secret pain;
Nor does the metal they are fashioned of
Make them the less—a chain.

This bridal home, a splendid prison seems;
To me, its loveliness
Is but the bitter sign of servitude,
And mocks my heart's distress.

Ah! Gold is powerful in this world of ours;
What magic in its gleam!
'Tis well that there are things it cannot buy,
Else it had reigned supreme!

Sweet Sister mine, you think I have done well;
You love this pomp and pride;
Alas! I find it but a poor reward
For all I cast aside.

I dare not think of all the varnished Past,—
Hush! let the dead love rest;
But, Sister mine, remember all your life,
Remember, love is best.

And I am not entirely comfortless;
One joy is mine the while:
My father smiles again, with free, glad heart,
And I have bought that smile!

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE fly that conveyed Barbara Graham to her new home drew up before the door of a beautiful and spacious mansion in Kensington Palace Gardens, one of the modern dwellings, fitted with every luxury and convenience and elegance that the art and wealth of man, combined, can furnish. It was a strange scene to the orphan as she stepped into the wide hall, with its marble pavement, its large leather easy chairs, its quaintly carved stands, its brilliant lamps, and blazing fire.

There were many doors opening from the square vestibule, and a broad staircase was seen in the distance, covered with rich carpet, and with stands of flowering plants on the landing.

There was something congenial to the girl's tastes in all this, for she naturally loved everything that was beautiful and graceful in Nature and Art; yet it oppressed her with a painful sense of her own inferiority to the owners of this wealth and luxury, and she shrank timidly back as the packages containing her wardrobe were brought in. The door shut, and she felt fairly separated from all old associations and scenes, and closed in to her new strange life.

"Come this way miss, and I'll call Susan to you," said the servant, who had been bringing in her small trunk; "I suppose you're Miss Pauline's new——"

"Maid" was on his lips, but a flash from the proud dark eyes caught his attention; and, though he was very inclined to mortify her pride, by saying the obnoxious word, he knew too well the capricious temper of his young lady to risk offending one whom it might please her wilful little self to take under her special patronage; so he turned to the door once more, and pulled a bell twice, which soon brought to the hall a middle-aged woman, of not unprepossessing appearance.

"Please, Susan, here's the young person whom Miss Pauline expects," said the servant, steering a safe middle-course between over-courtesy and insolence.

"Come this way, my dear, and I'll show you your room," said the woman, kindly; "my mistress and Miss Pauline are out, but you can get yourself ready before they come."

Barbara followed her new friend up a back staircase to a corridor, which seemed to contain several rooms, to judge from the doors, open and closed, which Barbara saw at a glance, in near proximity to each other.

"Here's your room, my dear—at the end, you see, close to the back staircase. Miss Pauline chose to have you near, so you've got one of the best bedrooms, instead of one of the servants'."

Barbara winced, but she said nothing, and followed Miss Susan into the small neat chamber, which had evidently been fitted with some judgment for her reception. The anomalous "humble companion," that rock on which so much peace of mind has been wrecked, so much heartburning wasted, and such volumes written, was henceforth to be Barbara's title and position; neither lady nor servant, equal to neither, perhaps hated by both—such was to be Barbara's lot. She seemed to comprehend it at a glance, and a deep, sad, half-frightened look came on her face.

"And now make haste and get yourself ready," said the woman, "for they won't be long now. Shall I unpack your trunk?"

"No, thank you, I can do it myself," replied Barbara, with an instinctive dread of remarks on her humble attire, and a yet greater longing to be alone with her fears and her sorrows.

"Very well, I'll just go and see to Miss Pauline's dress for dinner, and be back before you are ready."

The woman disappeared, and Barbara sat down in one of the chairs in a fit of sick desolation at heart, that she could not control. The tears rose to her eyes as she looked round at the strange objects, the unfamiliar room, so unlike what she had known from early childhood; and though it perhaps recalled in some degree the home of her infancy, yet the feeling of utter separation from every human being she had known or loved, or met kindness from for years, was bitter and terrifying to the young orphan.

Barbara had bidden farewell to Mrs. Fenton with tearless eyes, though her pale cheeks and quivering lips spoke of the pain she crushed back in her heart. She had taken a last glance of her familiar home, dear now that she was leaving it for ever, in silent, undemonstrative grief; but now a sort of self-pity, a terror, a nameless feeling of despair, came over her, and she burst into tears with an hysterical violence that brought Susan back to the room.

"What! what, crying, my dear! Come, you mustn't do like that; you'll not be fit to be seen; and Miss Pauline will wonder who on earth is come to be with her, for she hates seeing people in trouble. There, there, you'll be better now the fit's over, and I daresay you'll be happy enough, for my mistress is a kind lady in her way, and my master is as generous as a prince, and won't think anything too much for you if you take my young lady's fancy. I'll fetch you some tea while you wash your face, and then I'll see to your hair a bit," she added, as she left the room, with a kindly nod.

Barbara's weakness was over for the time and the native pride and power of her character once more came into play. She obeyed Susan's directions by bathing her eyes plenteously in cold water, and then began to inspect her modest wardrobe, and lay it neatly on the bed and chairs, ready to be placed in the spacious drawers, which looked such tempting novelties to the orphan. The task was not a long one, but she had scarcely completed it ere the woman returned with a cup of tea and a plate of toast.

The tempting little tray was soon discussed by Barbara, and much to Susan's satisfaction a faint bloom came to Barbara's sallow cheek, as the warm blood once more circulated through her veins, and a more healthful light came into her large deep eyes.

"There, now let's see what we can do to that hair of yours," said Susan. "It looks like a gypsy's just now, but it's not amiss in itself if it was seen to a bit."

She made the girl sit down, and unbinding the long thick black tresses which would have been the glory of a fond mother to train for the embellishment of those pale features, she began to exercise the skill which had so often been exercised on the glossy curls of her young lady.

A glance at the girl's face had been enough to guide the abigail in her self-imposed duties.

She drew the rich hair back from the intellectual brow, and threw it in thick bands behind the well-formed ear with a skill and readiness to catch the style of that uncommon but yet plain countenance, that spoke much for her physiognomical penetration. Then the coil at the back of the small head was so classical, so becoming to its form and shape, the lightening of the face, and the piquante yet quite disposition of the once overhanging hair, gave such a new effect to the magnificent eyes and intellectual forehead, that the maid was fairly astonished at the result of her labors.

"Well, you've beautiful hair," she said; "and I don't mind dressing it once or twice till you've learnt the way yourself; for I can tell you it will make all the difference with my mistress and Miss Pauline whether you're like what you are now, or what you looked like when I first saw you."

Susan next inspected the humble stock of the orphan, but with a very dissatisfied air.

"Humph!" said she, "brown, and the worst becoming color for a dark little body like you. Wait a bit, and I'll see what I can do. I know my mistress means you to have some of Miss Pauline's things; and I've got a dress lying by that's just the thing."

She disappeared, and returned with a simple rose-colored muslin, evidently a morning dress of the young mistress of Barbara Graham, and tried it on the half-humiliated, half-gratified girl.

"There now," said Susan, "you look rather more like flesh and blood. The pink puts a little color in your face, and it fits you as if it was made for you."

Barbara saw herself reflected in the tall mirror, and she almost started at the change. The well-fitting dress gave height and grace to her tall, slight, unformed figure; while the novel coiffure, and the becoming color of the robe, threw a slight glow on her cheeks that hid a little their sallow thinness; and the large, splendid eyes shone out, without forming so painful a contrast to the dead, dark circles around.

For the first time Barbara began to doubt whether she was "ugly" as she and others had imagined; but if a momentary flash of vanity had crossed that oft-mortified heart, it quickly vanished at the sight which awaited her.

The next moment a light quick step, a joyous voice was heard, speaking in half-playful, half-peremptory tones to some one who appeared to be recalling her. Then the door opened, and a girl about her own age sprang into the room, followed by a lady of more mature years and graver step.

"Hush! mamma," said she, "I must see her, and then I am at your orders as long as you please. Ah! is that her?"

Barbara raised her eyes timidly to the young creature on whom so much of her future comfort would depend. The girl was richly dressed, and her very attitude bespoke the wayward independence of a wilful, petted child. Her figure was faultlessly symmetrical, and her face radiantly beautiful.

The features were clearly cut, and regular; the eyes of deep, dark violet hue, shaded by curling brown long lashes.

Her chestnut hair was thrown back with a golden comb, and fell in thick curls; her complexion was of alabaster clearness, and her cheeks and lips wore the coral bloom of health.

As the two girls looked at each other, one seemed a bright Hebe, a spirit of joy, and life, and love, while the other gave the idea of a pale visitant from a sadder, more thoughtful realm than could have called that bright nature "subject."

Pauline Forbes gazed at the new companion she had so peremptorily insisted on having, with a look of half-wonder, half-curiosity, not altogether unkind nor rude, and yet which brought the proud blood, and then an ashy paleness to the face of the orphan.

Barbara involuntarily averted her face from the bright vision. It made her feel too hopelessly humiliated, too painfully out of the path of such beauty and love as surrounded that favored heiress.

"Do not turn away; I want to look at you, to see whether I shall like you," said the girl, with the unrestrained recklessness of a petted child. "What are you crying for, now?"

"I am not crying," replied the orphan, in a low depressed tone.

"Then why do you hide your face?" said Pauline.

"Because they say it is so ugly," replied Barbara, sadly.

Pauline stooped down, took the head in her hands, and turned the features to view. She gave them a searching examination, and then turned to her mother, who had stood by in half-amused, half-vexed contemplation of her wilful girl's capricious ways.

"She is not pretty," she said; "but still I think I shall like her. If she looked gayer and had more color she would not be amiss would she mamma?"

Mrs. Forbes did not reply, except by a reproving shake of the head; and advancing to the spot where Barbara stood, she addressed her kindly enough.

"You will soon have to understand, and I hope love, this giddy girl of mine, Barbara," she said, "and I am not sorry to see you seem to have some gravity and steadiness to sober her exuberance. I trust we shall go on very nicely, Barbara, and that you will try in every respect to do your duty, and deserve the choice I have made for my daughter's companion."

There was kindness, but a shade of cold haughtiness in the tone; but Barbara felt thankful for the forbearance that spared her all mortifying or inquisitorial examination.

Her large eyes were raised for a moment to the lady's still handsome face with an earnest, truthful look, that said more plainly than the words, "I will try, madam."

"She has pretty eyes, mamma, has she not?" exclaimed Pauline, heedlessly; "I am sure I shall like her, mamma. May she come into my room while Susan dresses me for dinner?"

"If you like, love, replied her mother; "only I think——"

"Oh, nonsense, I must have her," said Pauline; "I want to get acquainted with this demure-looking little damsel before dinner."

The young girl sprang out of the room with the same consciousness of sorrow or restraint, or misunderstanding, which so bright and cloudless a life as hers naturally gives.

And Barbara gazed after her with something of the wondering, sad, admiring homage which a poor, exiled Peri might have felt for an inhabitant of the bright, ethereal paradise from which she was excluded.

It was her first experience that youth could be so buoyant, so thoughtless, so enviably gay.

* * * * * *

Days had passed into weeks, and Barbara Graham had tolerably well comprehended and accepted the somewhat anomalous position of Pauline's humble dependent, favored companion, and obedient maid.

As yet her duties had been confined to the attendance on Pauline's various fancies and employments, and sports, when carried on in her own apartments, though as yet it was little suspected by the young girl or her parents that the orphan from the asylum was farther advanced than the heiress in the branches of study which was painfully carried on while Barbara sat by with her work, ready to obey any order, gratify any fancied want, of the wayward and volatile pupil.

Perhaps those were Barbara's hardest moments of self-control when she listened to the reluctant, imperfect rehearsal of lessons she would have given anything to share, the careless reception of instructions that would have been by her so dearly prized.

Music, drawing, Italian, and German masters attended the school-room of the lovely heiress, only to lavish almost useless efforts on a careless and impatient pupil.

They did not see the quiet form crouching in a distant corner, with the work dropped on her lap, and ears and eyes intent on their disregarded instructions.

They did not heed the kindling of the beautiful eyes, as some favorite melody or half-inspired strain of music was rehearsed for the instruction of the careless Pauline.

But the hour came when this state of penance was to be at an end for Barbara; though, like many another trial, it was only exchanged for one differing in kind, but perhaps more dangerous and threatening in its consequences for the dependent orphan—the hour when the dangerous genius became too unmistakably displayed to be any longer crushed in its recipient.

CHAPTER VI.

"PAULINE," said Mrs. Forbes, one Spring morning, some few months after poor Barbara's admission to the family, "it is your papa's particular wish that you should play that duet from the 'Huguenots' to-morrow evening. Lady Trevylian will be here, and she inquired especially after your progress under M. Garcia, and spoke of her own daughter's wonderful advance under his teaching; so we want you to show your best, and try to do yourself and him credit."

"Really, mamma," said Pauline, with one of her pretty pouts, "I have no ambition to rival those ugly daughters of Lady Trevylian's; but still, if you and papa really wish it, I will play the duet; only I don't promise not to break down in the most difficult bits."

"But, Pauline, pet, just to please me, do practice it to-day," said her mother. "Miss Merton will devote the whole of the usual practice time with you, for of course she will play it with you to-morrow night, and cover all deficiencies. She is certainly a very brilliant performer, Lina. I wish you may equal her."

Pauline gave a saucy toss of her head which expressed a sublime contempt of the unlucky governess's excellence, and an equal confidence in her own attractions minus the superiority in question. But even that spoiled, wilful child of prosperity was neither daring nor ungrateful enough to entirely disregard a seriously expressed desire of her parents, and moreover a tinge of vanity might perhaps aid the submission she dutifully exhibited.

However that might be, she at once repaired to the school-room, with the laudable intention of devoting at least an hour to the troublesome duet in question; but, on entering the apartment, the only tenant it contained was Barbara Graham, busily engaged as usual on a piece of embroidery begun by Pauline, and transferred by that young lady to more skilful and patient fingers.

"Where is Miss Merton?" cried she, impatiently; "I want her directly."

"She is gone to lie down, for she has a dreadful headache," replied Barbara.

"How tiresome!" cried the disappointed beauty, too angry for the moment to feel her usual sympathy for her governess. "I wanted her, at least mamma wanted her to practice that difficult duet for to-morrow night, for I'm certain I shall break down unless I give it a complete, downright practice."

Barbara looked down. Her lips trembled with a proposal she yet dared not make.

"But it's no use playing it alone," continued Pauline, fretfully.

"It's the time, and the effect of the two parts that I am deficient in. I know the actual notes well enough."

"I am afraid—at least, I think—I could but try," stammered Barbara, blushing so deeply as to look almost pretty for the moment.

"You!" gasped Pauline, literally breathless with surprise. "Why, what do you know about music?"

"I can play a little," replied Barbara calmly, her self-possession restored by the shade of contemptuous incredulity in Pauline's tone. "If it will be any assistance to you, Miss Forbes, I will try my best in the bass part."

"But you cannot play it at sight," said Pauline. "Why, even Miss Merton thought it a little tiresome."

"If it would not be disagreeable to you, Miss Forbes, I will just play it once; and then I will see whether I could venture on it with you. It might be better than nothing," said Barbara.

"Oh, very well," said Pauline. "It can't do any harm, certainly. But do wait till I am out of the room."

Pauline flew out of the room as she spoke, and the next moment Barbara was at the piano, enjoying the rare delight of once more indulging her passion for melody, and on an instrument such as she had never before touched.

The rich tones, the extensive compass, the exquisite touch, which obeyed every fancy, every motion of the fingers, seemed to give fresh skill, fresh power, to the ardent girl. The strangeness engendered by long abstinence from the luxury gradually wore off, and she was soon abandoning herself to the full enjoyment of the moment.

A few well-known airs, and old, quaint chants, were first essayed; then the brilliant "Wedding March;" and finally she turned in earnest to the task before her.

It was, as Pauline had said, a tiresome part to master, but the thorough training, the patience, and talent of the tyro, soon caught the spirit, and conquered the difficulties of the piece.

Twice she played it over, and was beginning a third time, by way of perfecting her fastidious task, when a slight noise attracted her attention, and turning round, she saw Mrs. Forbes and Pauline standing, in evident astonishment, behind her.

"Why, Barbara, I never heard——," Pauline was beginning, but Mrs. Forbes checked her by a look.

"Who taught you to play, Barbara?" said the lady, in more cold and measured tones.

"The organist at the asylum chapel, madam," replied Barbara, coloring deeply, and rising from the instrument. "I should not have presumed to attempt touching the piano, but Miss Forbes seemed disappointed that Miss Merton could not practice with her and I thought I might be better than no one."

"True," said the lady, her beautiful brow clearing at the modest, unpretending manner of the orphan. "I think perhaps you will be correct enough for Miss Forbes to trust to you for a practice, though of course only an imperfect substitute for Miss Merton. There, sit down, my love, and let me see whether it can be all safe for you to play it with Barbara."

Pauline was about to burst out into an honest panegyric of Barbara's performance, but Mrs. Forbes touched her foot so unmistakeably, that she dared not risk the open rebellion to her mother's rarely-expressed wishes.

The duet began. Barbara's fine touch, her faultless time, her pure expression, and steady execution of the most involved passages, gave both confidence and support to the feebler and more superficial attempts of her companion.

Pauline's touch was brilliant, and her execution would have been equally so, had she had patience to practice steadily and laboriously.

But Barbara covered her defects, and, in fact, removed some of them by the truth and splendid talent of her own performances, and brought the fair *capricieuse* off triumphantly to the very close of the trying piece.

Mrs. Forbes listened with mingled gratification and annoyance.

"It will do, I think," she said, coolly; "at least you may venture, Pauline, to practice it with Barbara till Miss Merton is better. The time seems correct, and she comprehends the spirit of it better than I could have expected."

"Better!" cried Pauline, indignantly. "Why, mamma, it is perfect. I know enough of music for that; and I shall play it with Barbara to-morrow night. I can manage it much better with her than with Miss Merton, and we shall cover ourselves with glory."

"My dear Pauline, you don't know what you are saying," said her mother. "You are surprised, of course, that Barbara can play it so tolerably."

"My dear mamma, I am nothing of the sort," returned Pauline.

"I know perfectly what I mean, and that is, that Barbara plays it in first-rate style, and manages to get me along with her, as Miss Merton never did; and therefore, if you want me to astonish Lady Trevylian, I must have Barbara."

"But my dear child, I really cannot see how it can be managed—there are so many difficulties."

"Not a bit, mamma," said Pauline. "She can have a white dress of mine—or stay, I know what it shall be—that plain pink crape with the black trimmings. I look a fright in it; but it will do for Barbara."

In vain Barbara shrunk back from the dreaded ordeal; in vain Mrs. Forbes tried to argue the point with her wilful daughter. There was no appeal from Pauline's fiat when it was so easily accomplished, and as Mrs. Forbes inwardly confessed, so desirable as on the present occasion.

When the evening came, Barbara was placed under Susan's hands, with private orders to send her to the drawing-room when summoned, with as unpretending and quietly neat an appearance as could be suitable for the occasion.

Susan dared not disregard those directions in the letter, but she certainly did in the spirit; and when she dismissed Barbara from her hands, there was a strange air of distinction in the orphan's whole bearing and appearance, which would have struck an observer with surprise.

It might be the really "gentle" blood in the veins, it might be the genius, the originality of the girl's whole character which shone in the intellectual face and the unconsciously lofty bearing: but it was certainly there, that charm, superior in the eyes of all refined and intelligent critics to the most brilliant beauty.

Barbara's heart beat high as she approached the drawing-room, and caught the buzz of voices, and saw the brilliant groups through the half-opened doors.

The girl was shy, as all proud natures are, and the novelty of the scene, her own dependent, obscure position, the ordeal which awaited her, would have daunted a more experienced and mature *debutante*.

But there was no escape. She dared not gratify her half-irresistible longing to run away and hide herself from that glittering throng, as one so completely out of their sphere and ken, that she must be noticed and scorned from her very obscurity and deficiency in all that distinguished them. No, there was no appeal from the caprice of Pauline or the commands of her mother; and Barbara gathered her pride and self-control to her aid, and desperately pushed open the door, and stole into the room, like a sly animal that fears discovery in some forbidden intention.

The crowd, the lights, the noise were so dazzling, so bewildering, that for a moment she scarcely knew where she was, nor could she discern the point where her steps were to be bound, the bay window, where the large Erard piano had been placed. But she gradually regained her composure, and quietly wended her way through the most unfrequented parts of the room, to the spot where Pauline stood, gaily conversing with a little group of girls and young men as bright and thoughtless as herself.

"Come, Miss Forbes, we are waiting for your duet" said one of the young men a youth of perhaps twenty years, or it might be more; "I am especially fond of that scena, and never heard it played in private."

"So much the worse for me!" said Pauline, laughingly.

"I shall appear sadly to disadvantage after professional performers; but ah! there is my partner in misfortune.

"Come, Barbara; we are waiting for you. Where have you been hiding yourself so long?"

Barbara felt twenty curious, questioning eyes on her, and the blood rushed to her face; but it receded as quickly as she could catch a whisper of surprise and depreciation among two of the young girls, and a low "Hush! I do not think so," from the youth who had previously spoken to Pauline. The girl's old, proud, scornful spirit was roused, perhaps fortunately for her, since it gave her a determination to show that she was in some respects at least their equal, if not their superior.

She sat down by Pauline's side, the plain, obscure, simply-dressed orphan, by the lovely, glittering, brilliant child of wealth and love, and idolizing homage, and began the ordeal, in which those outward gifts counted for nothing, and gave little aid to the success.

The first chords Barbara struck were somewhat tremulous and faltering, and did little justice to her own powers, but the moment she fully realized the inspiration of the splendid music before her, that moment her nervousness vanished.

The glorious melody came rich and steady and expressive from her very heart; and Pauline, emboldened and guided by her gifted companion, seconded her with at least sufficient ability and success.

The effect was beyond all Mrs. Forbes' most sanguine expectations, though it might be doubted whether the cause or the result was entirely to that lady's satisfaction. The breathless silence, the rapt attention was succeeded by a genuine and hearty burst of applause, which brought brilliant smiles to the fair face of Pauline, and a shy, yet proud flush to the orphan's pale cheek.

"Oh, can you not sing as well as play as a duet?" asked the youth, who seemed to be passionately fond of music.

"You seem to understand each other so well. I am sure your voices would blend charmingly."

"Do you sing, Barbara?" asked Pauline, half-doubting whether she could, yet able to believe any marvel, after the discovery she had so lately made.

"A little; but I know so few songs," replied Barbara, timidly, and in a voice scarcely audible even to Pauline.

"Oh, I dare say I have some old ones you know," said Pauline, willing to prolong the sensation produced in the little circle; and not herself totally devoid of curiosity to hear the next display of such carefully-hidden gifts, she brought out that sweet, simple, ever-fascinating air of Mozart's, "*La ci darem la mano*," and put it before Barbara. "You can sing that," she said, "can't you?"

Barbara had many a time sung that enchanting air to herself in the asylum woods after meeting with it in her old master's pile of music; and after a quick glance at the setting, she timidly assented, and sat down to play the accompaniment.

The first notes of her beautiful voice, now gradually ripening into more womanly richness, though still far from its ultimate promise, took the whole room by surprise. The magnificent volume of sound, yet so mellow, so loving-like, was wonderful in one so young and comparatively untrained: and the buzz of conversation ended, and the elder members of the party drew near to listen to the unusual and bewitching strain.

Then Pauline's sweet fresh soprano came in to vary the luxury of sound, and then the united voices rose, soft and blended in delicious harmony gradually increasing till they concluded in a splendid burst of melody, that filled the spacious apartment.

"Splendid! Capital! Bravo!" resounded from all sides, while Barbara hastily rose, and sheltered herself behind Pauline, too timid either to go or stay.

"And I say encore," said one of the young men.

"Really, Mr. Joddrell, you are absolutely insatiable!" said Pauline, gaily. "So unreasonable a request ought to be put down."

Barbara had raised her head at the sound of that name, but there was nothing in the dark-complexion, handsome features, to recall the face associated with it, and her eyes drooped again beneath their lashes.

"But really, if you will give such delicious food, you must not be surprised if the appetite grows by what it feeds on," said the young man, with a quick glance at the shrinking Barbara.

"My dear Philip, you are really carrying your passion for music to a complete infatuation, and boring Miss Forbes even beyond her patience," said a sweet voice, and yet with a certain hollow harshness in its tone that was not pleasing to a discriminating ear.

It was like an electric shock to the orphan. She started to her feet from the half-crouching attitude in which she had sunk behind Pauline, and looked with eager, distended eyes on the speaker's face.

It was a familiar one to her, one too vividly imprinted on her memory ever to be forgotten; one that, with all its beauty, and grace, and apparent sweetness of expression had yet worked the bitterest woe of her life.

It was the face of Lady Joddrell—the same face, yet changed by the years that had intervened even more than they should have accomplished.

The hair had no silver mark in its lustrous brown, the eyes were still bright, the lips still red, the teeth white and even as before, but the expression, the form of the face, was hardened to a more worldly and less youthful air; the flesh had thickened, and the skin lost some of its transparent clearness, since the memorable day when she had swept away poor Barbara's all, and left her desolate.

The girl stood there with her hands clasped, and lips parted, fearful to move, to speak, lest that cold glance, those biting words, should be again repeated in that gazing crowd.

But Lily, her darling, lost Lily, she could not, dared not let that proud, hard-hearted patroness of her precious one move from her near neighborhood without one word, one assurance that Lily was living, well, happy; she dared not add whether she remembered her.

But how could she, the scorned obscure orphan, the dependant on Pauline Forbes' caprice, on her parents' bounty as a menial, venture to claim any acquaintance, to dare to address the elegant high-born creature who sat there, with that soft, cold smile, and graceful gesture, playfully drawing Pauline from her nephew's supposed annoyance.

"My dear aunt, you labor under a delusion. Any one who plays and sings like Miss Forbes can never be tired of her own sweet creations: and again I say 'encore,' and in all humility of spirit," he replied, laughingly, and inclining his knee to the ground as he spoke.

"But Barbara—where is she gone? I don't see her," said Pauline, scarcely knowing how to escape, yet determined not to risk a repetition of so successful an attempt.

"Oh, she is there," said the young man. "I saw her just now. Look see—just behind the stand. But, good Heaven, how strange and pale she looks! Is she ill?"

In his kindly interest for the gifted young creature who had fascinated him so completely, he went hastily to the place where Barbara was half-hidden, but from which she could still see the face on which her eyes were rivetted.

"What is it?—are you tired or ill? Shall I get some wine?" said Philip, in those kindly, gentle tones, which cannot be mistaken in their sincerity.

"No, no, thank you," she replied; "I am not ill, only I——"

Philip's eyes followed hers, and he perceived their fixed, eager gaze on his aunt's unconscious face.

"Do you know my aunt? Do you want to speak to her?" he said, interpreting the expression of that speaking face.

That tempting opportunity of learning what she so eagerly wished to know was too irresistible.

"Yes—that is—I am afraid she will be angry," said Barbara. "I only wanted to ask one question, if I might—if she will not——"

"Will not what?" said the youth, earnestly, and involuntarily lowering his voice to the level of his companion's.

"Will not send me away," replied Barbara, "and tell me I have no right to ask after her."

"And who is that?" he inquired, half-smiling.

"Lily—my sister—my ever-darling sister," she replied, and there were tears in her voice, which only a strong effort could repress from a burst of weeping.

"Lily your sister!" repeated the youth; "impossible."

"I know it," she said, and the proud head drooped on her bosom. "I knew it was so: I am too unlike Lily, to dare even claim her for my sister."

"No, no," said the youth, earnestly, "not that; I did not mean that. You have gifts that a queen might envy. I was only surprised, for I did not know Lillian had a sister."

"Then she never speaks of me—never thinks of me!" said the young girl, in a tone of touching sadness.

"I was so ignorant of the relationship," said the young man. "I did not return from India till about six months ago, and it is very likely my aunt was anxious to keep Lily all to herself, and engross her affection as if she were her child."

"But I am sure she must love you: she is so affectionate, so charming. It is impossible she should not feel every sweet and feminine affection to the utmost."

"My darling is very lovely, is she not?" said Barbara, her eyes filled with soft sweet tears.

"Lovely—angelically lovely!" said the youth, enthusiastically: "but I see they are wondering at our long conversation. Trust your cause in my hands, and I will see what my influence will effect to accomplish at least one meeting between you, if I can-

not get more. Good night. I will not ask you to sing again now."

He went back to his former place as he spoke, with a gay jest at his want of success in persuading the young "Cecilias" to repeat their strains; and Barbara hastily stole away to her own lone chamber to indulge the flood of tears that well-nigh choked her.

It was not that she was ungrateful for Philip Joddrell's kindness that her heart did not glow at the idea of again seeing, embracing, and hearing her idolized sister, but the necessary intercession—Philip's own confession that it might be but for once; and yet more, the certainty that Lily herself spoke not, probably thought not of her sister—the obscure, hardly-placed orphan,—made her realize yet more vividly the vast gulf that separated them; the impossibility that they could ever be to each other as sisters.

Was it a wonder that the destitute, heart-stricken girl wept herself to sleep on her lonely pillow that night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Fatal Error.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"CHARITY, kind sir. My poor children are starving."

The speaker was a thinly-clad woman, who shivered in the wintry blast, for it was December, and the keen frosty air penetrated even the warm garments of the rich.

The gentleman addressed was perhaps a man of thirty-five, a rich and prosperous man, who hoped soon to become still more rich and prosperous through the alliance with the fair girl at his side.

"Poor woman!" said Edith Mortimer compassionately, "I have left my purse at home. George, I am sure you will relieve her distress."

"Of course I will, my darling. Here poor woman, take that, and may it do you good."

As he spoke he drew from his vest pocket a coin and put it in the extended hand of the applicant.

The poor woman's heart bounded with joy.

"Heaven bless your generous heart!" she exclaimed, with heartfelt gratitude.

"Thank you," said George Chester graciously.

Edith Mortimer rewarded him with a beaming smile.

"I am glad you gave the poor creature so much," she said. "I like generosity. I don't think I could esteem or respect a mean man."

"We think alike on that point, my darling," said Chester. "I never can refuse to give, even if I suspect the object may be unworthy. It makes me happy to make others happy."

Another beaming smile from Edith.

"I love you all the better for that, dear George," she said, in a low voice.

"On the whole," thought Chester, "my money is a good investment, though I can't help grudging it to the beggar. When Edith becomes Mrs. Chester, and I get hold of her money, I shan't give much to beggars. For the present it's policy to be generous."

Of course Edith could not read the thoughts of the man at her side.

She believed him a genuine philanthropist, while in reality he was a mean, selfish, hard-hearted man, yet with tact enough to overcome these traits for the sake of making a favorable impression upon the heart of the heiress.

Edith Mortimer was an orphan, and the absolute mistress of twenty thousand; no small fortune for a girl of nineteen.

But her fortune was by no means her chief attraction.

She was beautiful, sweet-tempered, accomplished, and her heart was animated by the most generous charity.

She had a regular list of pensioners, and would have found it impossible to refuse an applicant who was in need.

Doubtless she had often given to unworthy objects, but such mistakes rebound to the credit of those who make them.

As Edith said, she would have found it impossible to respect or esteem a mean man.

Thus far George Chester had succeeded in concealing his real character from her, but the time was coming when it would be revealed.

Whenever he was with her he gave liberally to any who asked for charity, but at his shop he would have repulsed them with hard and bitter words.

He kept a large clothing establishment in one of the principal streets in the city, but Edith, who lived in Hammersmith, had never been there, and knew absolutely nothing of him in his business relations.

Of course there were many who courted the favor of the young and beautiful heiress, but there was only one who came near being the rival of the successful suitor.

This was Dr. Goodwin, a young physician who had recently established himself, and was having a hard struggle to get into a lucrative practice, being poor and without powerful friends.

But he was essentially noble, of good figure, with a frank open face, and was unusually able and intelligent.

Success with him was only a matter of time.

When he saw the rich trader preferred to him, he quietly withdrew, disappointed, but too honorable to attempt to reverse Edith's decision, now that it appeared to be made.

It was made, and the wedding-day was about to be fixed, when something occurred which quite changed the position of affairs.

Edith was walking one day when her attention was attracted to a girl of about her own age, who was sitting on one of the seats placed for the use of tired pedestrians.

The girl was plainly dressed, and in her face and attitude was such an air of despondency, that Edith Mortimer, whose heart was full of compassion for the wretched, felt herself constrained to stop and speak to her.

"Are you not well?" she asked, in a low sympathetic voice.

The girl, who was very thinly and poorly clad, look up.

"Yes," she answered, "I am well."

"But you are sad. You have met with some misfortune, have you not?"

"Yes," answered the poor girl despondently.

"Will you tell me what it is? Perhaps it is something which I can remedy. Don't think me inquisitive, but I really want to help you, if you will let me."

The girl answered gratefully—

"Thank you for your kindness. It does me good, for I stand in need of kind words."

"Tell me then your troubles," and Edith, in her sealskin cloak, saw down besides the plainly-dressed girl.

"My mother and I live together," explained the girl.

"We are very poor, and mother is an invalid, unable to do much. We have nothing to live upon except what I earn by my needle."

"That must be very little."

"Yes, it is very little; but I have been cheated out of that little. It is too hard."

"Tell me about it. Is it possible that any one could be so mean as to cheat you out of the little you earn in that hard way?"

"I will tell you how it happened. A week since, I got a bundle of waistcoats to make for a large house. The pay was very small. By working early and late I could earn about a shilling a day."

"Is it possible? I never heard of such oppression," said Edith indignantly.

"Well, I finished the half-dozen, and this morning took them round to the shop.

"Instead of paying the money, the proprietor, a rich man, said roughly that they were not well done, and he could only pay ninepence apiece for them. If I would take that he would give me more work. I knew that it was all a pretence to cheat me out of sixpence on each waistcoat, for I am experienced, and these were made as well as usual."

"And did you take the money, my poor friend?" asked Edith.

"What could I do? There was no money to buy our dinner. I had to take it, but I know that it is impossible for us to get along on that paltry sum. I see nothing for us but starvation."

"Cheer up! I am rich. I will help you," said the heiress.

"But tell me the name of this mean wretch who defrauded you."

"It is George Chester."

"Who?" asked Edith, startled and surprised.

"George Chester. I heard he is engaged to a wealthy heiress, but I don't think such a man can prosper."

"I must look into this," said Edith quickly, her face flushed.

"It's more important to me than you know. Come to my house."

The girl accompanied her home, and presently the heiress, who had changed garments with the poor girl for a brief space, emerged into the street and made her way to the shop of George Chester.

She was so muffled up that her face could not be seen.

"What do you want?" asked a salesman roughly.

"To see Mr. Chester," said Edith in a low voice.

"He is busy. He can't see a girl like you."

"I have something important to say to him."

George Chester on being told this came forward.

"Well, girl, what do you want of me?" he asked rudely.

"You gave me only ninepence each for some waistcoats I brought here this morning," said Edith Mortimer, in an assumed voice.

"What of that? They were very poorly made."

"I need the money for my mother. I worked hard, and I am sure the waistcoats were well made."

"Look here, I can't be troubled with you," said Chester roughly.

"My mother will starve."

"Let her starve then. It's no business of mine."

This was too much for Edith, whose indignation was intense.

She threw up her veil, revealing to George Chester a face that terrified him, so full was it of withering scorn.

"I am glad I have found you out, Mr. Chester," said Edith. "Fortunately it is not too late."

And she turned haughtily and swept out of the shop.

"Edith—Edith Mortimer!" called George Chester, in an agitated tone. "Come back. It's all a mistake. I will make it right."

Edith Mortimer did not answer, nor turn back, but left the shop with her illusions broken.

The next day the engagement was also broken.

Three months later there was a new engagement, but this time it was Dr. Goodwin who had gained the prize for which so many were striving.

The poor girl soon obtained remunerative employment through Edith's influence, and she and her mother never again knew want.

As for George Chester, he rued bitterly his fatal error, but for Edith it is a most fortunate one, since it saved her from marrying a man whom she would have despised, and gave her a husband whom she could respect as well as love.

CHINAMEN'S WAGES.

HOW cheap is "Chinese cheap labor?" The United States Consul-General at Shanghai has been making a special investigation which enables him to throw some light on this interesting inquiry. Skilled laborers—artisans, workers at trades, etc.—live mostly in the cities where all prices are higher than outside. Art and taste, though appreciated, are not paid accordingly. A painter may win renown, and his name or his fame may live after him; but during life he may be no better off than his neighbor who makes coffins. Painters of porcelain, designers and weavers of the most exquisite patterns of silks, and the artisan who makes wonderful pieces of enamel or "china" are satisfied if they put by enough for burial expenses; the butcher does as well as any of them. Gold and silversmiths, and others whose work is peculiarly responsible, do a little better; the weaver or spinner of silk is probably the best paid day laborer, getting $1 to $2 a day. The average pay of skilled laborers is probably $3 a week for a master, $1.50 for a workman, and 50 cents for "youngsters or females." The master lives generally at his workshop, having $20 to $30 worth of household goods. He pays say $72 a year for food, $36 for rent and sundries, $12 a year for clothing, and is rich with $20 left. The ordinary workman, if unmarried, lives with his parents or with some friend. His effects may be worth $15, and he pays $45, $12, and $8 for the three items above mentioned. Females and youngsters are assumed to cost all they can earn. On the farm everybody must work, the children beginning at six years. Two and a half acres of arable land, with a house built of mud and reeds, and thatched with straw, and a cow, a few fowls and pigs, and some very primitive tools, may constitute a well-to-do farmer's property. The soil will usually support the family, and twenty cents a day will pay for their food. Rice or bread with vegetables and common tea, varied with a little poultry or pork on festive occasions, makes their diet. Their bit of land may be worth $400, their annual working expenses may be $42, and they will produce about $160, leaving $60 clear. In cotton the land will average 1,000 pounds at 4 cents; cost of cultivation and tax, $31, net yield; $33, if the soil suits cotton. A woman weaves one piece per day of cotton cloth, 8 to 9 yards, 39 to 46 inches wide; she spins one-third of a pound of yarn at 6 cents for labor; six working days convert the raw fibre into 1½ pounds of cloth worth 60 cents. The farm laborer gets 10 to 15 cents a day, or 70 cents to $1.05 a week, in harvest time, besides his food, estimated at ten cents a day; by the month, $1.50 to $2, and board; by the year, $13, "and found." About $2 a year will clothe him, and he does well if he saves twice that in a year. For coolie labor, comprising boatmen, carriers, wheelbarrow men, etc., from 5 to 30 cents a day are paid. The carriers in West China, who carry for twelve consecutive days 300 to 400 pounds of tea on their backs over a mountainous country, are considered well paid at 25 cents a day. The ordinary coolie earns $4.50 a month, and spends $4. Coal is mined entirely by hand, and sells at the pit's mouth, at $1 a ton. Gold-diggers on the Han river, in 1881, were earning 5 to 15 cents a day; 7 men were estimated to wash 20 tons of gravel a day, yielding 3 or 4 cents to the ton. The Chinese soldier costs $67 a year.

RUSSIAN CABMEN.—The moujiks, or coachmen, are perhaps the most interesting of the lower classes of Russians, although strangers are repelled by their frightful looks and extortionate charges. Unlike the cabmen of Paris, they will speedily come to reasonable terms if their number is demanded. It is etiquette on the streets of St. Petersburg if one in passing sees another's nose freezing—an accident which frequently happens—to say, politely: "Pardon me; your nose is freezing." But the moujik, taking a handful of snow, rushes at the person whose nose gives signs of freezing, and he begins to rub vigorously. No time is to be wasted, and if the person is a stranger and unaware of his danger sometimes resists in an equally vigorous manner, upon which the moujik throws him down, and, holding him firmly, continues to rub him with snow, the bystanders surrounding and encouraging him as they hand him snow, saying: "Well done! More snow. If he kicks, make him pay more for it." After this performance, the indignant stranger has matters explained to him, and has to pay handsomely for his rough treatment. Nowhere in the world is the right of way of foot-passengers so well respected as in St. Petersburg. The drivers, apparently the most reckless of their kind, are really the most careful. The "boo-bo-o!" they make to stop their horses is thought by foreigners to urge them on. The penalties for driving over persons are excessively severe, particularly in the case of women and children. One can cross the busiest part of the busiest square with as much deliberation as if he were on a footwalk. The great width of the streets makes this possible.

Bric-a-Brac.

WEIGHT OF MONEY.—A million dollars in our gold coin weighs 3,085 71 pounds avoirdupois, and a million standard dollars in our silver coin weighs 58,023 57 pounds.

PAWNING AT BANKS.—One of the chief inducements put forward in the original prospectus for the establishment of the Bank of England was that it would regularly engage in the pawning business.

WOMAN FARMERS.—In Prussia, owing to the centuries of military rule, nearly the whole agricultural work is carried on by women, and this has been so from time immemorial, for the old Germans considered anything less than war unworthy of a man.

THE RUSSIAN BATH.—The Russian bath is said to have originated with Peter the Great. It is recorded that when he was advised by foreigners to introduce hospitals and dispensaries into Russia, he was wont to reply that "While Russians had baths they needed nothing else as a health-giving remedy against mortal ills."

SMALL POETS.—One of the great poets of Athens was so small that his friends fastened lead to his sandals to prevent his being toppled over or blown away. Pope was so small and crooked as to be compared to an interrogation point. Abbe Gallani was the prettiest little harlequin that Italy ever produced; but upon the shoulders of that harlequin was the head of Machiavelli. Moore, the Irish poet, was so small that George IV., once threated to clap him into a wine cooler.

HORN OF PLENTY.—A phrase used to denote anything capable of affording an abundant supply. Origin; among the ancient poets the cornucopia was a horn out of which proceeded plenty of all things, by a particular privilege which Jupiter granted his nurse. The real sense of the fable is, that in Lybia there is a little territory, shaped not unlike a bullock's horn, exceedingly fertile, given by King Ammon to his daughter Amalthea, whom the poets feign to have been Jupiter's nurse.

SMALL FEET.—The Chinese custom of stopping the growth of women's feet has the following source: In the twelfth century, there reigned in China an Emperor who was a great tyrant, and he had a wife, who was still more despotic and severe than her husband. She was beautiful, but she had crippled feet; in order to hide that defect, she wrapped them in all sorts of bandages, and put on little shoes. The ladies of her court hastened to follow her example, and the strange habit has been handed down until now.

A DOCTOR'S WILL.—This celebrated Dutch physician and scholar Boerhaave ordered in his will that all his books and manuscripts should be burnt, one large volume with gilt leaves and silver clasps alone excepted. The physical people flocking to Leyden, entreated his executors to disobey his will. The effects were sold. A German count, convinced that the great gilt book contained the whole arcanum of physic, bought it for $500. It was all blank but the first page, on which was written: "Keep the head cool, the feet warm, and the body open, and bid defiance to the physician."

JAPANESE PAINTERS.—Greek historians have some pretty tall yarns about their painters, such as that bees and birds mistook painted flowers and fruit for real products of nature. But the Japanese leave them far behind. Kanawoka, a painter of the sixth century, who had made a specialty of animal figures, is said to have painted a horse so perfectly that it would leave its frame and roam abroad at night, to the damage of the farmer's crops. But when a clever farmer attacked the painting and put out the eyes of the goblin steed, it remained ever after in its frame. Another of the horses painted by this artist could not be kept at home until a tether was painted around his neck.

POSTAGE STAMPS.—The number of different kinds of postage stamps which have been hitherto issued all over the world is estimated, in round numbers, at 6,000. Among them are to be found the effigies of five Emperors, eighteen Kings, three Queens, one Grand Duke, six Princes and a large number of Presidents, etc. Some of the stamps bear coats of arms and other emblems, as crowns, the papal keys, and tiara, anchors, eagles, lions, horses, stars, serpents, railway trains, horsemen, messengers, etc. The collection preserved in the museum of the Berlin Post-office includes 4,426 specimens of different postage stamps. Of these 2,462 were from Europe, 441 from Asia, 251 from Africa, 1,143 from America, and 201 from Australia.

A BLACK BUTTERFLY.—Talking of superstition, a singular incident recently occurred in an express train journeying from Rio de Janeiro to San Paulo. A large black butterfly entered a first class car, and hovered about in such a remarkable way as to seriously excite the apprehensions of a lady who was on her way to see a sister who was gravely ill, for it is a common Brazilian superstition that the black butterfly forebodes death. A gentleman in the car sought to quiet the fears of the lady, and laughed at such presentiments. He then attempted to drive the unwelcome visitor out of the car, but the butterfly at once began hovering about him in a most persistent manner. Shortly after he began to feel ill, and in a brief time was a corpse. The man really died of heart disease, hastened probably by his exertions to catch the butterfly; but it will be difficult to make many people believe otherwise than that the poor insect possessed some malign influence which brought death upon him.

A MAXIM.

BY C. H.

Miss Lill and Harry slipped away
Toward a shady lane;
She was a maiden fair to see,
He, troth, a noble swain.

They'd met full many a time before
Within this shady dell,
And there for every kiss he gave
She paid him back full well.

Some base betrayer (may he die,)
Must ope's the cat let out.
The irate parent to the maid,
Cried, "What are you about?"

The blushing culprit, looking down,
Made answer with "Ahem,—
Whate'er you'd have men do to you,
Do even so to them."

MOTHER AND SON.

BY KATE L. GALLAGHER.

CHAPTER IV.

"LAURA, put down your book and listen to me," said Hayward, one lovely afternoon, sauntering up to where his daughter sat reviling on deck.

It was the "Lord Gough's" eighth day out.

Sea-sickness was a thing of the past, and the passengers considered themselves quite old friends.

She put down her book at his request, and assumed an air of expectancy very pleasing to a narrator.

"How many books have you read since we started, anyhow?"

"Five or six, I should think. Wait a moment, and I'll count them—no I won't, either. It would only disgust you. Shipboard is so monotonous," speaking apologetically, "and some allowance must be made."

"Yes, by Jove! you're right. I never was so tired in all my life," answered Hayward, yawning undisguisedly. "Doing nothing 's mighty hard work. When I land, I'll be like the old woman who thanked God she was on terra cotta once more. What's the name of your book?" picking it up and examining the title with apparent interest, though Laura knew he had not not broached the subject uppermost in his mind. "'A Fool's Errand!'—Lord, what a title for a book! Where did you get it? It's not one of ours?"

"No, indeed; my stock was exhausted the fourth day one. That is one Mr. Brownell loaned me."

"Oh!—nice man that."

"I think so—yes."

"No nonsense about him."

"I should think not. I haven't noticed any—have you?"

"I wish, Laura, you would give me your candid opinion of him, women have such a keen insight of human nature," wheedled Hayward, and moving his position so as to rest his weight on his other leg, and better see his daughter's face.

Laura colored slightly.

"Well, I—I h—hardly l—like to——"

"Bless my soul," cried her father, eyeing her curiously. "Why should you stammer so, because I ask you a civil question about a man old enough to be your father or grandfather."

"Old!—*old!*" with increasing emphasis. "Do you call Mr. Brownell old?"

"Ha—ha—ha! that's a good one, 'pon my word. If he's young, what under heaven must I be?—a child, a mere infant."

A light dawned on the girl's mind.

"I think you mean Mr. Paul Brownell."

"Of course I do. Who else do you think I mean. Not that lubberly boy, Malcolm?"

"I'm afraid you're forgetting your grammar and manners all in a lump, and the lubberly boy, as you call him, is six feet tall, and twenty-two years old."

"You seem pretty well posted, I must say. Did he volunteer any other information, curious or useful?"

"Well, no, but Americans are generally communicative. However, that's of very little consequence to us; you wished to tell me something when you first came up. What was it?"

"I wanted your opinion *of old* Mr. Brownell."

Although the girl racked her brain to discover her father's reason for such a request.

She concealed her surprise and answered him with her usual readiness.

"A week is a short time in which to form an opinion of anyone, but I must confess he impresses me favorably."

"Just my way of thinking, exactly," said Hayward, rubbing his hands together, but quickly resuming his decorum. "You think then he would be a good man to 'tie to'—as Mr. Malcolm Brownell would say?" said Hayward, with thinly-veiled anxiety.

Laura laughed.

"I know of no one I would rather 'tie to' as you call it; but what has that to do with you—with us?"

"Much," answered her father, bringing up a stool, and assuming a confidential tone. "Mr. Malcolm Brownell has doubtless told you, among other things, that his father is immensely wealthy, and the owner of extensive mills in the suburbs of Boston?"

"No, he has not!" cried Laura hotly, "he is too much of a gentleman to be a braggart."

"Then I take it all back. His father has offered me the position of superintendent of his mills—the last one decamped with considerable money.

"The dear man, how kind of him—of Mr. Brownell, I mean, and how fortunate that you met him. So much nicer than having no object in view."

"Don't be so fast, child. I haven't accepted the position yet," and Hayward actually swelled with importance. "I told him I must have a few hours to think it over."

Now he had really deferred his answer in order to consult his daughter, but not for worlds would he have her suspect such a thing.

"But you will accept it," she said coaxingly, slipping a hand into his, and adding without the least compunction of conscience, "I should think it would suit you exactly—your intelligence, your knowledge of men——"

"I think so myself," he interrupted complacently, a pleased smile breaking over his rugged features. "There he is now, over by the helmsman. I'll step over and close the bargain. Here comes his cub this way. Entertain him while I talk to the father. I'll send Nancy, if I see her."

By this time Malcolm Brownell came up.

He was a tall, handsome young man, with ruddy cheeks now somewhat bronzed by travel; laughing blue eyes, and light brown hair, with a slight tendency to curl.

As he stood before her in all the glory of his healthy young manhood, Laura Hayward thought as she looked at him that she had never seen six feet of handsomer manly beauty.

"I have looked for you all afternoon, Miss Hayward," he said a little bashfully, taking off his hat and leaning against the gunwale. "That old woman, she-dragon, I call her——"

"You must not call my old nurse names, Mr. Brownell."

"Mum't I; then she must not be so cross. Really she frightens me. Now you're laughing at me. I reckon my being scared strikes you as ludicrous," he continued drawing up his magnificent frame to its full height, "but she shoos me off like an old hen does a hawk from her chickens. "Do you think that's fair?"

A low silvery laugh, and a shy glance from a pair of dark eyes greeted his complaint, then she pushed a chair towards him.

"Sit down. I'll be responsible for your safety. You are much to be pitied."

"By the gods, I am," refusing the chair with a wave of his hand. "I show to much better advantage standing up. Bye-the-bye, have you noticed what a tremendously good humor I'm in?"

"Well, no; I can't say that I have—the last few moments."

"No, now *that's* queer," in a tone of disappointment. "Your penetration is not as good as I supposed. I was confident you would note my air of hilarity."

"I never saw you in any but a good humor. Do you ever get cross—like Nancy, for instance?"

"Not exactly like her. She is mild in comparison. Did you ever see George Knight get mad in 'Otto?'"

"No."

"More's the pity. I am always affected the same way. It's terrible, terrible! My only consolation is it doesn't happen often. I feel now as if nothing could ever disturb my serenity."

"You excite my curiosity. What good fortune has befallen you. I, too, am happy this afternoon. Happier than I've been for a long time."

A silence fell between them.

Her hands lay idly in her lap, and the dark eyes grew soft and tender in their gaze out over the sea, "the unplumbed salt estranging sea," but at that moment it seemed neither deep nor estranging.

Her companion regarded her curiously, and a sudden resolve brought a flush to his cheek and a sparkle to his eye.

"Are you ever unhappy, Miss Hayward. You are too young, too"—beautiful he was going to add, but wisely paused—"too unused to the world to have experienced any sorrow. When I look at you, I always think of the line: 'Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm.' That's what your life should be—what I would like to make it," he added in a lower tone and blushing ever so little. Then he covered one of her small hands with his. "Will you give me the chance?"

While he spoke, she still kept gazing half-dreamily at the sea.

His words seemingly fell on deaf ears till the touch of his hand on hers caused her to start, but now she turned and looked at him with the glance of a startled bird.

Then she glanced along the deck to see if Nancy were in sight, but the deck was deserted, only under the shadow of one of the life-boats, and out of hearing, her father and Mr. Paul Brownell were in earnest conversation.

Two large tears gathered in her eyes and rolled swiftly down her now burning cheeks.

"Now, I've frightened you," he cried, in a penitential voice, "and I've a great mind to throw myself overboard"—making a sudden move in that direction.

"Oh, no, no, pray don't do that," she begged, actually putting out her hand to detain him, as if he really intended to be so foolish.

"What must you think of me for being so foolish?" he continued, "and I have only known you a week, but if I should know you a hundred years, I couldn't love you better. Can't you believe that?" looking at her earnestly.

"I do believe it," she answered, raising her eyes for a second and scanning his face where "all good and honor might therein be read," continued, "and I'm so sorry; more sorry than you will ever know, and a little while ago I felt quite happy."

"You are a very strange young lady," he said, feeling a trifle hurt, "love is supposed to increase one's happiness. You know what the poet says: 'For all that makes our lives delightful prove, is a genteel sufficiency and love,'—love most of all, but if mine does not increase as well,"—pausing a little—"just forget that it has ever been offered."

Then he turned and gazed at the dancing blue water, and tried to imagine that nothing had happened, and that he didn't care a continental, but he did, and if a sudden moisture dimmed his 'merrie blue een,' it did not detract from his manhood—did it?

Presently he turned around, just as Laura's book slipped to the floor.

He picked it up and handed it to her, and was struck by the pain in her face.

"Don't you go to feeling badly about me," he said generously, "for I'm not worth it, and I should have known better than bother you on such short acquaintance. You will forgive me"—and adding softly—"give me hope?"

"I cannot do that," she answered firmly, and again lifting her eyes to his then glancing involuntarily at the ring on one of her slender fingers. "I cannot do that."

His glance followed hers, and he comprehended the situation.

The knowledge afforded both pain and pleasure—pain at the hopelessness of his love, pleasure in the thought that he might have won had he been given a fair chance.

"It is not that I am unworthy your love, that is," he explained, "more unworthy than the generality of mankind. The man is yet to be born who is worthy of a good woman's love—but it comes too late. Is not that it?"

"Ye—es," she admitted, "but you will be my friend, Mr. Brownell? Oh, I need a friend so much, more than you can imagine. If I seem happy, it is because I am young, and new things interest me."

If she had studied for years, she could not have touched the noble nature of the man before her more effectually.

When she concluded, she put out her hand and laid it gently on his.

He took it between his broad palm tenderly as he would have an infant's, and then he raised it to his lips.

"If you are ever in need of a friend call on me. I shall never fail you." "Well," in a voice in which regret and resignation were curiously blended. "I'll have to do as the dear old governor wishes after all."

"What is that; may I know?" withdrawing her hand gently.

"Oh, he has the most charming wife imaginable picked out for me, but I ran off to Europe rather than meet her. The joke of it is, she did the same thing. Did you ever hear of two such silly youngsters? She is in London now. Going to stay all winter. Her sister married some 'blarsted' Englishman from Kent county."

"In Kent county! Why that is where I came from. I wonder—" but here Laura's breeding got the better of her and she changed the subject, which is a matter for regret, as she might have heard something to her interest.

"Then if—if—I had not disappointed you. Your father would have been terribly chagrined, no doubt."

"Trust me to manage the governor," the young man answered with enthusiasm; "his chagrin would have been short-lived. He is the best man in the world if you know how to manage him. Now, there comes that dreadful——"

"Please, don't."

"Well, she is, and you know it. I am off. I cannot exist under such glances. When she looks at me, her eyes seem to say, 'Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead, young man.' Good-bye; I'll see you later. Ah! how d'ye do, Nancy?"

"It's very well hi ham, Mr. Brownell," grunted Nancy.

"There it is again, Nancy. 'Oh! how poor are they that have not patience!' *Brown*-ell, *Brown*-ell, it will be to the end of the chapter. How often must I tell you that my name is Brow-*nell* not *Brown*-ell. How my cultured mother's hair would stand on end were she to hear you."

Saying this, and raising his hat with gentle courtesy, he walked off.

After he left, Laura sat watching him till he disappeared with a gay little nod down the gangway.

All the while Nancy kept up an unceasing babbling, but her mistress heeded it not.

She was thinking of the brave young heart that loved her too well to be sad in her presence.

"I would 'ave been 'ere sooner, but I stopped to ask the captain when we'd see land."

It was Nancy's voice that disturbed her reverie.

"Oh! did you?" opening her book as if to resume her reading. "What did he say?"

"'E said if the weather wur fav'ble we'd be hat the breakwater to-morrow evenin'. Now, what did 'e mean by that, eh?"

"You'll have to ask father. Here he comes now. Father, Nancy wants to know what the captain means by the breakwater, or perhaps Mr. Brownell" with a glance at that gentleman, "can explain it to us?"

Mr. Brownell was only too glad to enlighten them, but just then the bell rang for tea, and there was a general begin to the saloon.

As they went down the steps, Hayward drew his daughter a little to one side and whispered:

"It's all arranged. We will go to Boston as soon as Mr. Brownell settles up some business in Philadelphia. Egad! I begin to think coming to America will be the making of us."

* * * * * *

Nearly a year after the departure of Hayward and his daughter, a young man sprang lightly from a cab at one of the London railway stations.

He was followed by his valet, whose face showed evident signs of apoplexy as he puffed after his master.

They boarded the train.

It was Lionel and his servant, Beattie.

The train sped on through hamlets and towns, over bridges and through green fields lying bright in the summer sunshine, past hills and vales stretching in pensive quietness between, and Lionel gave himself up to pleasant reflections.

He was well satisfied with his year's work, and now felt himself free from all restrictions.

He had left college but once since his trip to London, to attend the funeral of an old aunt, which was no more than proper, for the old lady left him a small estate and four thousand a year.

It was evening when Lionel stepped on the platform of his native place.

Banks was waiting for him, and bustled up with a pleased air as the young man came forward.

"How are you, Banks. I did not expect to see you," cried Lionel, taking hold of the old man's brawny hand. "All well at home? Where's the dog-cart?"

"T'other side of the platform, Mr. Lionel. I put in a new horse and she's a little frisky. When the train moves on, I'll fetch her around. I never see you looking so well, Mr. Lionel," the old servant added, viewing with intense admiration the tall, handsome young man before him. "So fresh and hearty, too. Ah! it's a fine thing to be young, Mr. Lionel, a fine thing. Now, wait a bit an' I'll bring round the cart."

But Lionel followed the old man behind the station.

He was a little disappointed.

Heretofore Hayward, out of compliment to him, had always been there to drive him home.

What did his absence portend?

The old servant was busy unhitching the horses.

It seemed to take him a long while, and an acute observer might have noted an air of uneasiness about him.

At last all was ready.

"Banks," said Lionel unable to conceal his chagrin any longer. "I rather looked for Hayward to meet me—he always has, you know," not willing to hurt the old servant's feelings "is—is anything the matter with him?"

Banks gave a final twitch to one of the straps before he ventured a reply:

"Oh, no. N—nothing," stammering a little for he wasn't used to lying. "He—he's away at present."

"Does he expect to stay away very long?"

Poor Banks.

"Well, he didn't say just when he'd be back. Hang that mare. Did you ever see anything so skittish?"

That evening was long to be remembered.

In the years that followed he often recalled it as the time when he lost a nameless thing that never returned.

He made no attempt to go to Hayward's, nor mentioned the subject, but gave himself up to the delights of home, and being made much of.

"It has been such a happy evening," he said gaily with a tender look in his mother's direction, as he stood at the door before saying good-night.

His mother looked up and smiled.

She was very proud of him just then.

"Has it? I'm glad to hear you say so. I feared you would find us dull and commonplace."

"What put such a foolish notion as that into your head? Now, Edward, old boy, you've not been guying the mother, have you? No," looking around the group—Edward, sedate and dignified; Myra, all smiles and animation, and his handsome mother; "no, in all England there's not a happier man than I am to-night."

As he finished speaking, he left the doorway and crossed the room to his mother's side.

"Good-night," he said softly, bending and kissing her "and good-bye."

"Good-bye?" interrupted Myra.

"Until to-morrow." It was a slip of the tongue. That was all."

But after all it was his good-bye.

When he reached his room, Beattie was kneeling on the floor unpacking a traveling bag.

He looked up guiltily when Lionel entered.

"I 'ope you'll excuse me, Mr. Lionel, but my tooth was jumpin' so fearful like, that I 'ad to go to the kitchen for some drops 'an—well, time do fly so hin good comp'ny, that I—I——"

"Not a word, Beattie. I know how it is myself. Put out what I'll need to-night, and leave the rest till morning. There, you can go, and Beattie," as the man was disappearing, "as you value your life, waken me by six o'clock."

Beattie appeared at his master's door punctually at six o'clock, and found him whistling merrily over his toilet.

A few minutes later, Lionel stole softly past his mother's bed-room and downstairs to the front door.

When he got outside, taking off his hat, he let the cool morning air, fragrant from the blooming, outlying fields, fan his flushed face, and lift the damp locks about his brows.

Then he struck across the lawn and into the park, following the same path Hayward had taken some months before, but with far different emotions.

There were no dead leaves in his pathway, for it was summer, and the quilted sunshine and leaf shade moved as the boughs above him swayed.

Sometimes a squirrel ran across the path and scuttled to a place of refuge, or he startled a deer that fled frightened at his approach.

The birds sang in the branches overhead, but Lionel gave little heed to all these surroundings.

He walked along, getting over the ground in a marvellously short space of time, and soon emerged at the opening where Hayward had paused, and groaned at the prospect before him.

No Laura greeted his eye as he looked down upon the cottage below him.

Everything looked trim and neat as he remembered it, and a man stood leaning against the gate.

When he reached it, the man looked up and took off his hat.

The man was Wilson.

"Good morning, Wilson," said Lionel, a vague wonder at the man's presence there crossing his mind and then putting out his hand, which Wilson took reservedly.

Lionel opened the gate and walked up the path, when a voice stopped him.

"Mr. Lionel!"

It was Wilson that spoke and Lionel turned around.

"Did you speak, Wilson?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Lionel, but—don't go in there," said Wilson reddening, yet with a certain boldness in his face.

Lionel deigned no reply, and continued his walk.

"Mr. Lionel," cried again the voice.

This time Lionel turned impatiently.

"What do you mean, Wilson? Can't I see my friends without being interrupted in this way?"

"You'll not find them in there," replied Wilson doggedly and turning away.

"I know Hayward is away," returned Lionel more gently. "Banks told me that last night. The rest of the family are at home, I suppose?"

"No."

"No!" repeating the word mechanically. "No! In Heaven's name, what does all this mean? Where are they?" coming down to where Wilson stood. "What is all this mystery?"

A nameless fear made his voice shrill, and Wilson moved back a step.

There was a look in the young man's eye that Wilson did not relish.

Like all uncultivated and undisciplined natures, he had never forgiven Lionel for gaining Laura's affections.

"Drat the man" he said under his breath. "If she'd never been him I'd stood a chance." He made no answer to Lionel's enquiries and even turned to enter the house.

"What are you going in there for?" cried Lionel jealously.

"A man has a right to enter his own house, hasn't he?" answered the man sulkily but with ill-concealed triumph, "not until you explain this mystery to me Wilson—not another step" and making a sudden move to the man's side, Lionel grasped him tightly by the collar. "Now tell me where Hayward and his daughter have gone, or——"

"Don't ask me such questions," cried Wilson wriggling to get loose, "what's them to me? Go ask your mother, she sent them away and knows all about it."

"One question more, when did they leave? answer that, you," hah—loosing his hold slightly. "Well, are you going to answer?"

"Last September" replied Wilson sulkily wrenching himself loose, and loosing no time in putting a safe distance between himself and antagonist.

Lionel's hands dropped and the man went away unheeded.

A look of bitter disappointment came into his face, "Gone, gone," he cried despairingly, and covering his face with his hands as if to shut out the bright garish sunlight, then he walked slowly up the walk and stood looking at the rose-covered porch. How often he had watched her there framed in by roses and hanging vines. He gathered one and put it carefully in a small book that he took from his breast pocket, then he slowly retraced his steps and disappeared in the park.

Beattie after a little gossip with one of the house-maids and a few stolen kisses was unpacking when Lionel burst into the room on his return.

"Beattie gather up all my traps and then go down and have Banks bring the dog-cart to the door, and you be ready to go with me."

"Eh," cried Beattie getting up with difficulty. "Lord love us Mr. Lionel, w'at do I 'ear?"

But Lionel was gone to see his mother. Mrs. Wentworth surmised the worst when he entered her boudoir pale and excited.

"My dear Lionel" coming forward to meet him, "what has upset you so, you are not well." Lionel laughed—a harsh unnatural sound that made his mother's nerves tingle, then he spoke hotly for she made a move as if to caress him.

"None of that now mother, never again, oh no, never again, miserable, oh miserable man that I am, and only last night I was the happiest in all England. How dared you to deceive me so?"

"Do calm yourself Lionel," looking furtively for her salts.

"Calm myself, ask me to be calm. Dam up the Nile with bulrushes" "poor fellow he had read that only the day before and it struck him now as meeting his case. "I trusted Laura with you, you promised to take care of her, what have you done with her, where is she?"

Short-sighted Mrs. Wentworth, in all her machinations, she had never taken into consideration the irresistible power of love, love "deep and eternal as the undying bartone of the sea." Was it any wonder she failed? so she answered promptly knowing that further prevarication was useless.

"Gone to America," she said this with as much confidence, as if she had said gone to Heaven. He stood as good chance of finding her one place as the other, so she thought. Lionel turned to her, his face white with passion.

"So this" he hissed through his teeth, "is my reward for obedience and honor. Oh my God what a dupe has been made of me by a woman, and that woman my mother."

"Mercy, Lionel, mercy!" exclaimed his mother: "I never thought you would take it so hard."

"Bah, what do you take me for? a child to be blown hither and thither by every impulse.

"Do you think you can take her away from me so easily, no, by Heaven I'll find her if it takes every year of my life to do it in.

"I'll travel night and day, I'll cross the ocean, go any where.

"Oh, Laura, Laura!" he cried, throwing up his hands and rushing towards the door.

"Where are you going?" his mother cried wildly after him, trying to clutch him as he passed her like a whirlwind. "Are you mad? insane?"

He turned for an instant and leaned heavily against the door, and put his hand over his heart to control himself.

"No," his voice was quiet and steady, "I am not mad, nor insane; I have just recovered my senses. I'm going to America to find Laura."

Before Mrs. Wentworth recovered from the shock of his words, he had left the room.

A great stillness seemed to settle down upon her; she heard him go hastily down the stairs, and then the heavy front door closed with a dull thud that sent a chill of dread through her benumbed senses.

A cry of fear broke from her lips as she sprang into the hall, and ran swiftly down the broad oaken stairway and opened the door.

The sunlight flashed in her face, but she heeded it not; her ears strained to catch the slightest sound.

She heard the fast receding rattle of the dog-cart as it rumbled down the avenue, but which the trees prevented her from seeing.

She peered anxiously through the interlacing branches, and once or twice pressed her cold hands tightly across her brow, as if trying to shut out or realize the misfortune that had overtaken her.

Once a dim conception of something she had read flashed across her mind, something about the mill's of the God's grinding slowly, "but exceeding small," she wailed out, clasping her hands nervously, "exceeding small."

Then the trees, the fields and the sunshine suddenly faded, and with the cry—

"Oh, my son, my son, where have I driven you," she tottered forward and fell heavily to the ground.

CHAPTER V.

"THERE cannot be a solitude so pathless as a heart."

Lionel Wentworth muttered this quotation to himself one morning, two weeks after the stormy interview with his mother.

He had arrived in Philadelphia, and was making his way along the crowded streets, closely followed by the apoplectic Beattie, who was swearing in an undertone at his master's erratic movements.

In the midst of thousands he was as much alone as in the great desert.

As he strode along, he turned now and then to glance sharply at the faces passing him, in the hope of seeing one that was familiar.

He had come to Philadelphia at the suggestion of Banks, who, having repented of his prevarication, made amends on that miserable morning when he drove Lionel to the station, and made a clean breast of all he knew, among other things that Hayward intended to sail for Philadelphia.

For weeks after his arrival, Lionel haunted every place of interest, churches, stores and parks.

His face grew pale and haggard, his eyes big and hollow, and in them a restless, hopeless expression, that made Beattie's heart ache.

People on the street turned to look at him as he passed, and went home haunted by his white face and searching eyes.

Sometimes he rushed after a face or form, a glimpse of which made his nerves thrill, and his heart beat, but he returned from the search sick with disappointment.

In this way he went over the country for nearly two years.

He made some warm friends in his travels.

One of them, a young New Yorker, persuaded him to accompany him to Long Branch for a few days.

At the end of his visit he started for New York, and missing the train, he was compelled to go by the boat.

"Had it not rained on the night of the 17th of June, 1815, the future of Europe would have been changed."

If Lionel Wentworth had not missed the train on the morning of the 17th of June, 1881, his future might have been far different.

It was the first link in a chain of events that finally united him to the woman he loved.

As soon as the boat touched the pier, he jumped ashore and started up the street.

He had walked perhaps a block, when stepping on a broken hoop he would have fallen, but for the timely assistance of two well-dressed men who had been lounging on the corner near by.

At the same time he distinctly felt a hand wrench his watch.

In a second, stories of such robberies flashed across his mind and quickly springing to his feet he snatched his watch, and with a well directed blow, that did his training credit, felled one of the men to the ground; the man cried for help, and his companion slipped around the corner and disappeared.

At this moment a policeman came up and laid his hand on Lionel's shoulder.

"Sir," he said, with a dignity that would have made a Roman senator appear clownish in comparison.

"I arrest you in the name of the law for disturbing the peace."

"And stealin' watches," put in the prostrate man, getting up rubbing his elbows and glaring savagely at Lionel.

"You villain!" cried Lionel wrathfully, and drawing back, at which the man slunk behind the officer.

"I guess I'll have to run you in," said the policeman preparing to move off.

At this the man behind him grinned, and exclaimed—

"There ain't no 'ristocracy in America."

"What do you mean?" Lionel said, turning to the officer.

He tried to be calm, for he had sense enough to know that resistance would only irritate the man.

"The case is simple enough. I came from Long Branch this morning, and on my way up the street slipped on that piece of hoop," —he pointed to it to verify his words—"two men ran to help me, and one of them tried to steal my watch. I can identify it, and myself if you'll give me time."

"Is there any name on the watch?" asked the officer, who seemed to be impressed with the truth of the story.

"Yes, my name is in it, Lionel Wentworth, Kent County, England. I'm an Englishman."

"For he is an Englishman," sang out a bootblack, taking to his heels, and the crowd of men laughed, at which the policeman frowned and raised his club.

At this moment the crowd was jostled right and left by a large, good-natured looking man, dressed in dark trousers and vest, and a striped seersucker coat; on his head, and pushed well back from his brow, was a large panama hat.

He laid one hand on Lionel's shoulder, and with the other gently lowered the policeman's club.

"Don't be so fast, my friend, I think I know something about the prisoner," and seeing the surprise in Lionel's eyes, continued—

"Young man, what did you say your name was?"

"Lionel Wentworth."

The answer came promptly, for there was no impertinence in the man's manner, and his kindly gray eyes overhung by shaggy white eye brows inspired confidence.

"From Kent county, England, eh?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever in your travels over there meet a number one little woman by the name of Myra Wentworth?"

Lionel's eyes glistened at the name.

Dear Myra, what would he not give for a sight of her cheery face.

That last night at home came back to him.

"Myra Wentworth. What do you know of her? She is my brother's wife."

"I knew it, I knew it, I felt it in my bones the minute I heard your name.

"Why, young man, I've been on the lookout for you for nigh two years. I've run my legs nearly off, and pestered the detectives till they wish they were dead or could hide when they see me coming. Well, well, this is richness."

"On the lookout for me?" Lionel repeated, slowly looking at the old man keenly.

Perhaps this was another little game peculiar to America, but no—it was—yes—it must be——

"And you,"—speaking eagerly—"You are Myra's Uncle Daniel. Are you not, sir?"

"You've hit the nail on the head—I'm that person. Here's my card. Now," turning to the policeman, who was looking somewhat crestfallen and disappointed at not having any one to 'run in,' "if you want to arrest anybody, there's that specimen to arrest behind you!"

But the 'specimen' with praiseworthy foresight had glided away.

Drawing Lionel's arm within his own, Daniel Holme strode away from the crowd of men that had been attracted to the spot.

There was so much that was manly, good and true even in his appearance, that Lionel felt no hesitation in following his lead.

However, when they reached Broadway, he inquired where they were going.

"Home, of course. You don't suppose Daniel Holme's going to let one of Myra's relations go to a hotel.

"But I've neither my luggage nor servant," said Lionel.

"Where are they?"

"At the hotel. The——"

"We'll just step around then, and order them moved."

"But," said Lionel, who had a great horror of giving trouble or being in the way.

"Oh, you're afraid of giving me trouble now, I suppose. Just as if I hadn't a right to entertain you, and glad to do it too," he said.

There was so much heartiness in the man's voice, that Lionel said no more and a bright smile broke over his face.

"Now you are laughing at me," the old man cried, with great good humor.

"No indeed I was not, I was just thinking what some of my friends would say to see me in the clutches of a burly policeman, charged with stealing my own watch. By Jove, it was quite an adventure, and meeting you too, that's the best of it."

"I never would have known you by your picture," said Daniel, stopping to look at the young man critically. "No never."

"My picture. Where did you see one?"

His first thought was that Myra's uncle might have been across to see her.

"Myra sent me one some time ago, as a guide. You'll laugh more when you see it. It's been in the hands of a good many detectives; as a rule their hands are not very clean. It's a sight I tell you. You look ten years older too. How long since it was taken?"

"Over two years, and I've had much to make me old since then. 'We live in deeds not words.' I feel as if I might be fifty."

The old man gave Lionel's arm a gentle hug.

"Yes, I know," speaking softly, "Myra wrote me about it. You—you haven't found her yet, have you?"

"No," he said, shaking his head sadly and turning away so that the old man might not see how weak he was; "sometimes I fear I never will."

"Oh, now that's sheer nonsense, cheer up; of course you'll find her. I'm almost sure some of those letters for you, up at the house, from Myra will give you a clue. You see she had too much sense to say much to an old man like me unless he could be of some use."

"Some letters for me, did you say?"

"Piles of them; been coming for nearly two years. I saved them all, for somehow I thought you'd turn up sooner or later, like a bad penny you know," and the old man chuckled at his own meagre little joke, and even Lionel felt his spirits grow lighter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

His Marriage.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

THE Hon. Lucius walked up and down the breakfast-room at Abbotscraithie with his hands in his pockets, jingling his money.

Well, he was perhaps hardly as yet accustomed to the sound.

His young wife—they had only been married six months—sat at the table, behind the tea and coffee paraphernalia, watching him while she very assiduously knitted a coarse knickerbocker stocking.

Something has evidently produced a twist in the skein of their hitherto unentangled bliss; for the breakfast was untasted, and was getting cold.

"It is the first request you have refused me; but I suppose you do not think me good enough for your swell acquaintances," said the lady at last, swallowing a little sob.

"Really, Amelia, the way you put things is too ridiculous. Not good enough! Because I object to Lady Constantia Verulam and her daughter being invited to Abbotscraithie. What can they have to do with you? I simply do not want them."

"Yet they were your most intimate friends before your marriage."

"Perhaps I have quarrelled with them."

"Nonsense! I saw an envelope addressed to you, in Miss Verulam's writing, only a week or two ago."

"It was merely a line of congratulation. The Verulams were abroad when we married."

And Mr. Fitzgerald, a deep flush mounting all over his face, sat down opposite his wife, and began busying himself by uncovering the dishes.

"Well," she persisted, "let them come and congratulate you in person. It is very ill-natured of you not to have them here. You know I want to find a nice wife for Percy, and he is coming for the shooting on the 10th."

"Confound Percy!" muttered Mr. Fitzgerald behind his moustache.

"Well, do as you like; I'll make no further opposition."

And flattering himself with the idea that he had striven his utmost to do right, he now resigned himself delightedly to wrong-doing.

Amelia Fitzgerald is the daughter of a manufacturer, who left her many thousands in hard cash, with part of which Abbotscraithie has lately been purchased.

It is a handsome stone house, in the centre of a fair Lowland estate, bonnie with moor and forest.

Riches apart, she is a lovable little woman enough; yet Lucius does not love her, and for no more valid reason than that she is not somebody else.

Then why have married him?

The question is only too pregnant, the answer too obvious.

When a mutual friend, a match-making woman, had first broached the subject to him, he answered at once—

"Can you ask me? If the young lady is fool enough to marry me, here I am, and let's waste no more words about it."

Amelia Huggins was not long from the schoolroom, and full of sweet schoolroomish views of love.

The younger son of an earl, five feet eleven, handsome, and apparently charmed with her; what more could she want?

Now Lucius was no abandoned wretch; he was simply a young man whose six or

eight years of life had dispossessed him of about double the number of thousands which had ever belonged to him—O, a very vulgar miracle as times go—and he had latterly—that is, for the last year or two—saddled himself with a desperate passion for Bertha Verulam, and which, alas, she fully returned.

As neither of these ill-starred lovers had any money, or even a reasonable expectation of being left some, Lucius felt no sort of scruple in offering his heart to the willing Amelia.

Calmly considered by an impartial observer, the transaction might look very like selling an estate with a heavy undeclared mortgage upon it.

To the Honorable, yet impecunious, Fitzgerald, however, it appeared in the light of that time-honored course, "The only thing to do, by Jove!"

Ah, and he would do his duty like a man, he would.

No more flirting now.

Of course, if they met much, it would be awkward—deuced dangerous (with another "by Jove!")

Well, they mustn't meet, that's all.

You see, Lucius thought himself quite a good man.

I don't want to say a word against him, only if he is one, then there are plenty of good men about, that is all.

So much the better that there should be, of course.

His young wife, though hardly of what you would call strong character, inherited from the late Huggins a large share of that pertinacity which he had turned to such good account: and she pours out the coffee this morning with an air of innocent triumph in her blue eyes at having carried her point.

"And so Mrs. Fitzgerald insists on Lady Verulam and her daughter being invited," mused her husband.

"The Verulams of all people in the world! For Percy too! As if Birdie Verulam (as she was called, her real name being Bertha) would marry Percy!"

Percy's is Amelia's brother, older than she is by four or five years.

Rich, of course.

Huggins senior left his thousands equally divided.

But the son had not acquired any of that gentleness and good breeding which seem to have come to the sister as if by magic.

In Lucius Fitzgerald's mental phrase, "He is an insufferable young cub, talking slang by the yard, and only fit to herd with bagmen and shopboys."

Yet he is his brother-in-law, must be made the best of, and is even now coming on the 10th to meet Lady Constantia the fastidious and her delightfully fine daughter! If only they would send an excuse! But no.

Circumstances would never go and risk their cherished old reputation for spitefulness.

How they must smile now—that is, if they ever do smile."

So cogitated Lucius; and his little burst of wicked exultation at losing the battle rapidly gave way to ever-increasing doubts and fears.

He was sufficiently proud to remain uncrushed by the Percy trouble, but the other matter seemed, as he reflected upon it, to hourly contain less and less of what was sweet, and more and more of what was decidedly bitter.

Granting that there is always something of rapture in meeting our soul's ideal once again, so long, that is, as she is not on the arm of a successful rival, what good could possibly come out of this untoward encounter?

And for a momentary thrill, a joy that was first cousin to a sorrow, was it worth while to jeopardise even such very gray-colored domestic felicity as now belonging to him?

Yes, the more he thought of it, the less he liked the prospect.

Visions of strange heartrending scenes, tragic duets, and more tragic trios, began to flit across his brain by night and day.

After all, he had suffered marvellously little for the want of Miss Verulam's society since his marriage.

Indeed, this had always been a subject of wonder to him.

He was really comfortable enough with Amelia; and as to romance, passion, ecstasy—was the whole thing worth while?

Was he not getting just a shade too old, or, to put it plainly, too fat and lazy, for these fatiguing toys?

All this time Amelia was perfectly happy and serene: for when Lucius was with her he was more than ever thoughtful; and then had she not gained her own way in the matter of inviting these Verulams?

And they were coming too.

"We're going to pay other visits in the neighborhood, and should be so delighted," Lady Constantia's note had said.

For some days before they arrived, Mr. Fitzgerald had a good deal of spare time on his hands, with which his wife did not interfere.

She was so engrossed in her first hospitable preparations, and in adding touches of beauty to the somewhat hastily-furnished rooms, that she had little leisure to bestow on her husband.

The quittance would have been, perhaps, something of a mercy at any other time: but as hour after hour passed on, and the time approached nearer for the arrival of the Verulams, Mr. Fitzgerald grew more and more dejected, till at last even Amelia was compelled to notice it, and she inquired with some solicitude what ailed him.

Of course he brisked up suddenly, and said nothing.

How could he own that he either longed for or feared the arrival of these people? In point of fact, he was absolutely beginning to dread it.

"You will go and meet them at the station Lucius?

"It will be so uncivil to let them come up here all alone.

"But I think I had better stay and receive them in the hall; that is the way, is it not, in your world?"

"Yes, yes. You always hit the right mark, love;" which was more than he did, for he bobbed down and kissed her plump on the nose, and barely smiled at his mistake.

With this he dashed out of the room, leaving Amelia a little bit disconcerted at his ill-concealed excitement.

A moment later, she heard the sound of wheels, and looked out of the window.

Mr. Fitzgerald, in a whitechapel, was going down the drive.

"Gone to meet the Verulams in that thing! Impossible!" cried his wife. "I ordered the carriage."

But Lucius Fitzgerald had gone to meet the Verulams, and so had the barouche.

He would just drive himself to the station, and see them into it, he thought; after all, it would only be courteous.

Three thirty, and the little station at Abbotscraithie is in a state of fluster, for the train from the south is due; visitors, too, are expected up at the house," and porters are running hither and thither, each more anxious than the other to show assiduity and attention.

And natural enough too.

Other people may be looking out for friends who may be false, for relations whom they may not love; but these honest fellows are welcoming silver charms most unlikely to prove false, and of whose claims upon the heart not even sceptics are sceptical.

No one, however eager though they all seem, is in so great a state of real fluster as the master of the house himself, impassive as he looks, standing there on the platform, his usually long pale face just a little longer and paler than ever, his large dark eyes burning just a little more brightly in their deep setting of heavy lash.

At last the bell has rung, and the train pants with slow dignity into the station.

Still Lucius Fitzgerald does not move, but leans on, as though watching to be recognized against the office-door.

A second more, and the bright color mounts to his brow, then suddenly fades away into a sort of blue pallor.

He walks forward to a carriage, but with no haste; yet from that carriage-window is gazing on him a fair young girlish face, a face such as even an indifferent passer-by in a crowded thoroughfare would turn to look at; such a face as a painter might have chosen for a Calypso when looking seaward from the shores of Ithaca.

It had the stamp of a blighted love upon it.

A busy porter opened the carriage-door, and Lady Constantia, fat, rubicund, and fifty, came tumbling out, "How do you do" ing Lucius with easy familiarity.

He gave his hand to the girl.

She did not attempt to speak as she stepped down on to the platform, though her hand seemed to linger in his just a moment longer than was necessary.

Perhaps it was the whispered "My darling!" which he uttered, in a very low tone as she stood beside him, which so surprised her that she forgot to be conventional.

What right had he to call her "darling," with Amelia sitting at home waiting for them, and in spite of the far-off pained look in the sweet Birdie's eyes, which should have thrust the word back unspoken into his heart?

It did not bring a glad look into her face, as "darling" uttered by Lucius Fitzgerald six months ago would have done.

All the sunshine and joy had died out of Birdie Verulam's life since then.

She turned away from him and spoke to her maid about the luggage, as though seeking refuge in a triviality.

Why had she come to Abbotscraithie? Even Amelia, had she been at the station that day, could not have failed to note that Birdie Verulam had been to Lucius in the past what every law of honor forbade that she could ever be still in the future.

Like Lucius, Birdie was accomplishing her destiny; like Lucius, she had a firm belief in her own strength.

How utterly weak they both were perhaps they discovered with startling reality as they stood side by side on the Abbotscraithie platform.

Lady Constantia was Birdie's stepmother, and the girl was dependent on her for food, shelter, and clothing—utterly dependent: and her father's chattering, good-natured, shallow-pated widow was calculating though kindly, and had, moreover, but a limited income.

To marry Lucius, Birdie knew was utterly impossible—knew it from the moment the first love-flutter agitated her heart; so she resigned him, gave him with her own free will to Amelia.

She had a morbid longing to witness the success of her work, and had accompanied her stepmother to Abbotscraithie, deluding herself into the idea that she would henceforth endure the void in her life with less bitter pangs if she were but allowed to see Lucius rich, happy, and contented.

So when Lady Constantia told her that she had received an invitation from Mrs. Fitzgerald, and in her blindness and her love of living at other people's expense suggested that they should accept it, Birdie had offered no opposition.

She got into the carriage, and seated herself by Lady Constantia's side, the maid opposite.

Lucius preceded them in his cart.

He had chosen wisely in leaving Birdie to her reflections for a while; furthermore, he went up the back way into the stable-yard to avoid being present when Birdie and Mrs. Fitzgerald should meet.

He could easily make an excuse for not being at his post to fulfil the ceremony of introduction.

Perhaps, even in the abstract, he was right, although his action, or rather inaction in the matter was due on this occasion solely to his inclination.

Where people are bound to make themselves acquainted, the formality of an introduction is very likely better omitted.

At all events in this instance the affair passed off comfortably enough, and the impression on all sides was favorable.

But this fact by no means tended to mend matters as far as danger was concerned, and Miss Verulam was too wise and too honest to deceive herself into a contrary belief.

When a woman allows herself to love a married man, she may tell her conscience that every fault from the wife palliates her guilt; but she must be morally blind indeed if she imagines that all the qualities of all the angels centred in the wronged one would ever have weighed with her in the indulgence of her unlawful passion.

There was something artless—an evident desire to like and be liked—about the woman in possession, which went straight to the Birdie's heart and disarmed her—disarmed her of any ill-feeling against Lucius's wife, that is to say no more.

"This is the first time I have ever met any really great friends of my husband," said Amelia, pouring out the tea, "and you don't know how I have been looking forward to your coming."

Lady Constantia declared herself delighted to be there, but the journey——

"O that railway car! I thought I should have died of heat-apoplexy; and that horrid old-young man—ridiculous creature, he must have been fifty at least—would insist upon having the windows up all the time, and Birdie would not snub him.

"Why would you not, Birdie? O, he was good-looking—very, but not my style; in fact, quite one of the 'have beens.'"

She was something of a rattle, was her ladyship, and not over particular about being listened to.

This the Birdie had long since ascertained.

At that moment she was dreamily contemplating Amelia.

"How a man might love that sweet little woman if she had only got the first chance of him!" was the mental ejaculation.

Dinner that night was not altogether successful attempt at being festive.

Percy had arrived just before, and decidedly second-rate as were his jokes and general behavior, more than one of those present felt grateful to him for keeping up the conversation, his brother-in-law perhaps the most of all.

Next day two or three men, invited by Lucius for shooting, put in an appearance, and the master of Abbotscraithie, in doing the honors to his male friends, avoided, on all possible occasions, being brought into anything like close companionship with the ladies.

Only he would look at Birdie sometimes with such a longing wistful look in his large flaming eyes, that it made the girl more than once creep away up to her room, and send the excuse of a headache, instead of reappearing at dinner.

Meanwhile Amelia saw nothing except that Percy's attentions were received by Miss Verulam with cold disdain, and that Lucius looked sadly weary and jaded, which she entirely ascribed to his having over-walked himself shooting on the moors.

Thus a week passed, and Birdie suggested to Lady Constantia that it was time they took their leave and went to the house of some other friends; but Lady Constantia was comfortable and contented in luxurious Abbotscraithie, and she would not be hustled.

Birdie must endure her torture a little longer.

She had gone out alone one lovely September afternoon, taking a volume of Shelley to dream over, not to read.

In Birdie's frame of mind all the lines were one blurred mass, all the words were indistinct.

She sat down in a little arbor that had been built at the edge of a wood, hanging over an extensive view of heathery moor, and there, till the dressing-bell rang, she felt she could weep and think in peace—at least, so she hoped; but a quarter of an hour had scarcely passed away when she heard a man's footstep approaching the arbor, and she almost sprang up with a little frightened cry.

Not Lucius; no, not Lucius, there alone; she could not bear it!

It was Percy, and she sank back into her seat, as though relieved from a great fear.

Not that she wanted Percy's companionship—far from it; and, had he been a man of the world and a gentleman, her monosyllabic replies would speedily have induced him to pursue his way to the house.

But Percy, like his sister, was not easily daunted; he could not understand the word "no" unless it was written in very plain letters before him; and he actually had the audacity, though he had never received, at any time, the most remote encouragement, to make Miss Verulam a formal tender of his hand and possessions, looking quite surprised too when she got up and told him that she regretted he had made so great a mistake, such an alliance being impossible.

"Impossible!" he repeated; "impossible that you can ever care for me!"

And Percy, whose belief in himself was immense, looked at her in absolute astonishment.

Under happier auspices Birdie would have laughed; as it was she turned from him with a sort of disgust, merely saying very quietly.

"Please leave me; I would rather be alone."

A hot flush rose into Percy's face as she spoke.

This son of the people imagined that Birdie, being the daughter of a great house, was flouting him, and he resolved to be revenged.

Poor Birdie! Of the social chasm that lay between them she never thought; only of how utterly incapable a man like Percy was to supplant Lucius in her aching heart.

Bitterly angry with himself for evoking it, and with Birdie for offering what he was pleased to call an insult, he left the arbor without another word, walking rapidly along the path towards the house.

When he was about half-way some sound attracted his attention, and he looked round.

Lucius, strolling back, gun in hand and alone, had reached the arbor and stopped; another second and he passed inside and out of view.

"So—so, my lady! 'Please leave me; I would rather be alone!'

"Of course you would. But you will not carry on your little games at Abbotscraithie if I can prevent it."

In less than five minutes Amelia, forewarned by Percy, was creeping along through the bushwood to the back of the arbor, in order to learn, if possible, herself unheard, something of what was going on between her husband and Birdie Verulam.

"I would never have come if I had known; but O Lucius, I thought I could have borne it. Why did you let her invite us?"

"My darling, I did my utmost to prevent it; but she was very positive, and I—well, you bade me marry her, and I—well, you see, I did not think you would care so very much."

"O Lucius, I should have made no sacrifice for you if I had not really cared, but I thought I was braver.

"If only Lady Constantia would be persuaded to take me home—"

"My poor, poor, sweet love, Birdie!" was all the man could murmur.

There was no consolation to offer now.

"You must not kiss me, Lucius, well, only this once, my love.

"Now go. I cannot bear it if you stay longer—I cannot indeed. Besides, it is not right to yourself or her."

He took her in his arms for a moment, left on her lips one more forbidden burning kiss, and was gone—not towards the house, but down the hill on the moors, where, with nature reigning in wild beauty all around him, he could fight unchidden with his raging love.

In the arbor, for a long space, the soft, buzzing, lazy summer sounds were disturbed by Birdie's sobs; while outside, with nothing between them but the thin, bark-covered, wooden partition, sat Amelia on the ground among the underwood, her head on her knees, which were surrounded by her clasped hands.

She had heard it all, and was thinking it over bit by bit.

What should she do? The future, which but an hour ago had seemed so bright to her as she believed in Lucius Fitzgerald's love, had suddenly become dimmed by a mist which looked eternal.

She could not see through it; it was thick as that which gathered about the summit of her own north-country hills.

Still, she must try and find her way through it; and as she sat there motionless, listening to the sobs within, and thinking more earnestly than she had ever thought in her life before, a depth of feeling was awakened in Amelia's heart for which no one who knew her only in the light comedy of life would have given her credit.

She was the first to move—very carefully lest Birdie should hear—and go slowly to the house. She met Percy at the door.

"Well, what was up in the arbor?"

"Nothing. I believe you purposely sent me on a wild-goose chase. Lucius has gone down towards Raeburn's farm."

"O!"

What an invaluable article is stupidity in the proper place!"

Two hours later the husband and wife met at dinner.

Birdie had one of her usual bad headaches.

No one could have guessed that Amelia had learned the truth; only perhaps Lucius noticed that she was even more tender and womanly in her manner than she had ever been before.

For many days Birdie lay ill upstairs in a darkened room.

Amelia never intruded herself unbidden into the sick girl's presence; but all that love could think of and attention carry out she gave to Birdie, and with no demonstrative outbursts.

Nor did she ever tell Lucius that she knew aught of the past, but helped him quietly, with soothing tenderness, to bear the anxiety and irritability produced by Birdie's illness.

Amelia had seen her way through the mists, and the road along which she had elected to travel was that of patient sympathy.

As months passed on, and time cicatrised the wound in Lucius's heart that destiny had made, was not much of its healing due to the woman who loved him well enough to bear silently and unmurmuringly her share of the burden with which he was so heavily weighted?

Birdie Verulam has never married.

She went abroad with Lady Constantia for a while; on her return she studiously avoided all meetings with Lucius, and pointedly refused to pay another visit to Abbotscraithie: but she is always on friendly, almost loving, terms with Amelia, who scarcely ever undertakes any scheme of importance without first consulting Birdie.

Rescued.

BY R. P. SMITH.

IT was a stormy March day, with the trees all cased in armor of glittering icicles, the sleet driving steadily from the east, and the pavements a glaze of ice—just one of those days when the streets look most dismal and the home hearthstone seems the most desirable.

And Mrs. Jervis, sitting cosily by the grate, with a satin-painted screen held up between her face and the too ardent glow of the coals, was chatting with Mrs. Pecherell, a dear particular friend, who had dared the inclemency of the weather to discuss the importance of a coming ball and its alternative toilet.

Mrs. Jervis was in pale blue cashmere, faced with quilted silk, and edged with a foamy line of swansdown.

Mrs. Pecherell wore seal-skin and velvet, with a Paris hat, and gloves that fitted like skin itself.

The apartment was decorated with deep blue draperies, a carpet of blue Axminster and all the tiny easels, shell-shaped easy chairs and painted China dragons that are nowadays deemed absolutely necessary for the furnishing of a modern room.

And, strange as it may seem, the topic upon which these ladies were conversing was—economy.

"Of course, my dear," said Mrs. Jervis, "when one has three daughters in society one must study one's own interest, and I do assure you I've found the nicest little dressmaker, who trims and fits exquisitely for a song—a mere song."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Pecherell,

"I'm ashamed—yes, positively ashamed—to tell you how little the girls' ball dresses cost," went on Mrs. Jervis. "But I told this Mrs. Jumeau—that's her name—that I should pay so much and no more. She could take the job or she could let it alone. And she's very poor, and has a sick daughter, and of course she was glad to get money on any terms. I was gratified to hear afterwards that she was one of Madame Antoinnette's workwomen. Antoinnette, you know, never allows any bunglers to be with her. Here's her address; and mind you don't pay her any more than I've been doing—ten dollars for the three dresses. It just spoils them to let them think you're going to empty your whole purse into their hands."

"I'll be very particular," said Mrs. Pecherell; "and I'm so much obliged to you, dear."

"Pray don't mention it, love," said Mrs. Jervis; and these allies kissed one another good-bye with affectionate effusion.

Mrs. Pecherell departed in her Victoria, Mrs. Jervis ringing the bell for her cup of chocolate and broiled quails for lunch.

While in the scantily furnished back room where the windows looked on the glaring yellow bricks of factory walls, and a general wilderness of blackened chimney-stacks, Elise Jumeau, with a shawl around her shoulders, was stitching away, breathlessly anxious to complete the work she had undertaken for Mrs. Jervis; while Ninon, her pale little daughter, was quilling white Spanish lace into the sleeves and neck of the satin bodies.

"Mamma," said Ninon, after a long pause, "aren't these ladies rich?"

"I suppose so, dear," Mrs. Jumeau answered, with a sigh. "Take care—be sure you keep the edges of that blonde perfectly even, my dear."

"Then why don't they pay you as much as Madame Antoinnette's customers pay her?"

"Because Madame Antoinnette is a famous dressmaker, dear," Mrs. Jumeau replied, "and I am only a poor seamstress."

"But you sew so beautifully, mamma," urged Ninon; "and Madame Antoinnette herself used to consult you about the trimming of the dresses."

"But you sew so beautifully, mamma," Mrs. Jumeau sighed.

"Things are strangely ordered in this world," said she. "I think, Ninon, dear, we must have a lamp. The light is so bad to-day, and my eyes are so wearied with sewing so late last night."

Ninon looked piteously at her mother.

"Mamma," wailed she, "if your eyes should fail—if mamma—what in the world would become of us?"

Elise Jumeau burst into tears.

"Oh, Ninon, child, that is just what I have been thinking of myself," admitted she. "But it is idle folly to go and meet trouble before it comes. Light the lamp, dearest; I must not stop for a moment!"

"Mamma," protested Ninon, who, although only fourteen, had a quick sense of justice, "you have been nearly two weeks on these three dresses, night and day, haven't you?"

"Yes!" Elise admitted, with a sigh. "They are very elaborately trimmed."

"And they only pay you ten dollars! They would have paid Madame Antoinnette fifty dollars at least. It isn't right, mamma; it is—cheating you!"

"We poor people must content ourselves with what we can get," said Mrs. Jumeau, sadly. "I shall finish these dresses to-night, Ninon. Mrs. Jervis will pay me to-morrow, and I can settle about the rent and the grocer's bill, and perhaps pay the baker a little on his account. And then I will go back to madame's. You will be well enough to stay by yourself next week, Ninon, will you not?"

"Oh, mamma, yes!" cried the child.

But Madame Antoinnette was in a great rage when Elise Jumeau presented herself the next day.

"It is against all the rules and regulations for my hands to underbid me," said she, tossing her head until all the false puffs and frizzes quivered. "You will consider yourself permanently discharged, Jumeau, from this establishment."

"Madame!" gasped the poor dressmaker.

"Ah, you need not look so innocent!" screamed Madame Antoinnette, who, like most Frenchwomen, was very excitable. "*I* am not a dupe—*I* have heard it all—how you make dresses for Mrs. Jervis and Pecherell for nothing—absolutely nothing! They boast of it, they tell my other customers that I swindle them—ah, that is the word, *swindle!*"

"It was all that they would consent to pay, madame," exclaimed poor Elise, "and my sick child was suffering for food and medicine, and——"

But Madame Antoinnette, with a sweeping gesture of dismissal, sailed out of the room like a tragedy queen.

Ninon was eagerly waiting for her mother when she returned.

"Well, mamma," said the child gleefully, "where is the money? I told Mrs. Caskey to be here at four o'clock, and the grocer is——"

Mrs. Jumeau sank helplessly down on a chair by the table.

"I have not got it, Ninon," said she. "Mrs. Jervis has gone out and forgotten to leave any word for me, and Mrs. Pecherell declared that she was not accustomed to be dunned by tradespeople in that sort of way. I am to call next week. And, oh, Ninon! Madame Antoinnette has refused to receive me back again!"

"Mamma, what are we to do?" cried the poor girl, turning white as ashes.

"Heaven only knows!" the mother murmured, with her face buried in her hands.

For the great city was so large and cold and cruel, and Elise and Ninon were so helpless and alone.

At this moment a gruff, not unpleasant, voice was heard on the stairs:

"Ain't this the place? Mother and daughter advertised for general work. No. 13. My wife she allowed it would be the very couple we wanted; and if their references are good—— Eh? what? Got a place this morning and went away? Well, now, if this 'ere ain't too blamed bad, and me come all this way arter 'em!"

Through the half-opened door, Elise could see the brown face, grizz'ed whiskers and shaggy coat of the old farmer who was in vain search of help.

With a sudden impulse she rose up and confronted him.

"Bessie Carey and her daughter have gone," she said; "I am a dressmaker by trade; but if I could suit you I would be thankful, for I am out of employment at present, and have a young daughter depending on me. I am quite strong, though I do not look so, and I shall be only too glad and grateful to learn all that any kind lady will teach me."

"And I can recommend her as honest and steady as the daylight, sir," said good Mrs. Caskey, the landlady, who had by this time struggled up the two flights of stairs, and appeared on the scene, breathless and panting.

"Well, I declare I don't know," said Farmer Bates, turning his hat meditatively around and around in his hand. "My wife told me to bring home a woman and her daughter to help with the farm and dairy work."

"I should so like to go to the country," whispered Ninon, pressing closer to her mother's side.

"So," went on the good old man, "if I can't get one I must e'en take another. How soon can you be ready?"

Mrs. Jumeau left her few articles of furniture in payment of her rent, and rode home with the good farmer that very evening, where she found "my wife" to be a mild-faced, sweet-eyed old lady, full of Christian kindness, and universal good-will to all the world.

"Well, wife," said the farmer that night, "how do you like our new hired girls?"

"They're rather slim-looking, Joshua," said Mrs. Bates, "but a little of our new milk and hearty country fare will soon set them up; and they seem so anxious to please, and the little girl has the sweetest face I ever saw."

Fate had dealt kindly with Mrs. Jumeau and her fatherless child when it sent old Farmer Bates girl-hunting up the stairway of the tenement-house.

She became like a daughter to the elderly couple; and Ninon bloomed into sweet girlish health and loveliness in the stimulating air and breezy meadows.

And the fevered dream of town life seemed like a forgotten dream of the past.

While Mrs. Pecherell and Mrs. Jervis (who never settled their little bills by-the-way, although repeatedly reminded of them through the post-office) declared that they always thought there was something wrong about that Jumeau woman.

"Going off in that sudden, stealthy sort of way," they said. "Really one can't be too careful whom one patronizes in a city like this."

"MAMMA, is the old hen going to be sent away for the Summer?" "No, Charlie, but why do you ask?" "Well, I heard papa tell the new governess that he would take her out riding, when he sent the old hen away for the summer."

ABOUT BARBERS.

IT appears that in some districts of Paris the tonsorial fraternity have decided to fix the sum of twenty-five centimes, or five cents as the lowest price for their performance of the operation of "easy shaving." Now, few Frenchmen shave themselves, for the simple reason that French razors sold at moderate prices are of very inferior quality, while good razors are very dear. The working classes have become highly indignant at the enactment of the twenty-five centimes minimum as the tariff for a simple shave, and have revenged themselves by withholding the customary tips from the hairdressers' assistants. Consequently these hard-working subordinates, or barbers' clerks as they used to be contemptuously termed in England, have threatened to strike "en masse" unless the masters compensate for the loss of the tips, by an augmentation in the wages of the assistants. As for the master barbers, denounced on the one hand by their exasperated customers, and threatened on the other by their rebellious assistants, their position has come to resemble that which, according to the old Scotch proverb, was the case of "the toad under the harrow, when every tooth gave her a tig." The masters are deterred from lowering their charges by the fact that by the rules of their society any employer accepting less than the minimum rate is at once liable to a preliminary fine of fifty dollars.

In England, absolute free trade in shaving has long prevailed. There is, indeed, an ancient Company of Barber-Surgeons, the seventeenth in precedence among the City Guilds, to which Henry VIII gave a magnificent picture by Holbein, while Charles II presented them with a drinking cup made from the trunk of the Royal oak, richly mounted with silver. But the Barber-Surgeons' Company never exercised any jurisdiction out of the city proper, and from time immemorial the Londoner has been privileged to enjoy the luxury of a penny shave. The upper and middle classes in England, as a rule, shave themselves, and since the custom of wearing the full beard has been revived, the art of shaving may be said to declined in aristocratic London. In the more densely populated quarters, however, shaving goes on from morning until late at night, and constant practice on beards of every texture makes the "penny shaver" a very rapid and tolerably skilful executant. He sweeps the chin of the working-man clean in a minute, and then the son of toil administers some water to his countenance, rubs it dry with the jack-towel hanging behind the door, pays his penny, and departs. They manage these things, however, very differently abroad. The Parisan "coiffeur" has been already glanced at; but the Italian and Spanish barbers are quite as skilful artists as their Gallic confreres; nor is the German at all behind the tonsors of the Latin races.

It may be that foreigners are vainer of their personal appearance than Englishmen are. We, in this country are certainly very much vainer. He who enters a "toilet studio" in the United States for the purpose of being "barbed" or shaved must be prepared to sacrifice from twenty to forty minutes of his time. Everything is done in a solemn, deliberate, and artistically complete manner. The actual shaving is only one of a series of elaborate processes to which the customer is bound to submit. When the parts of his face required to be denuded of hair have been minutely gone over with the keenest and most dexterously handled of razors, and the features have been refreshed with scented spray, and dried with rice powder, the operation of "fixing" commences. The customer is shampooed, kneaded, "machine-brushed," and "fine combed." "Bay rum" and other mysterious liquids are applied to his hair, "brilliantine" gives his moustache gloss, and pommade renders them spiky; while finally there gently meanders round his head the tropic gale and fragrance of the curling tongs. For being properly "barbed" and properly "fixed" a customer at Philadelphia or at New York will pay at least fifteen cents.

GENEALOGY RUN WILD.—"The child is father to the man." Hence the child would be paternal grandfather to the man's child. But the latter child being also father to the man, would be therefore, his own paternal grandfather. Hence this latter child would have two paternal grandfathers, both children, of which he himself was one. Now, this rule being universal, the other child would be likewise his own grandfather, and hence great-great-grandfather to the before-mentioned child. But these two children were each father to the man, a state of affairs which can be accounted for only on the ground that one of them was a stepfather. That is, they both married the same wife. It is presumable that the one who was great-great-grandfather of the other married her first, for if not, the other would have married one of his direct female ancestors before she was married. This borders on the improbable. It is, then, only left to assume that the child married his great-great-great-grandmother after the death of his great-great-grandmother. This brings us to the conclusion that the child is step-great-great-grandfather to himself.

"Do you really write out in the woods, Mr. Dactyl?" "Indeed I do, Miss." "And what do you do when one of those horrid ten-footed bugs drops on your face and begins to tickle?" "Oh! I just wait till he gets through tickling, and then I shout 'Bug-out!' and at once there's a bug off."

Scientific and Useful.

INDIA-INK DRAWINGS.—India-ink drawings that are to be colored or washed over with tints should have a little bichromate of potash added to the ink. After the drawing has been exposed to light for an hour or so the lines can be gone over without washing them up.

NEW HORSESHOE.—An English mechanic has invented a horseshoe composed of three thicknesses of cowhide compressed into a steel mould and subjected to a chemical preparation. It will last longer than the common shoe, weighs only one-fourth as much, does not split the hoofs, requires no calks and is very elastic.

SOLDERING CAST IRON.—Soldering cast iron, says the *Engineer*, is generally considered to be very difficult, but it seems to be only a question of thoroughly making bright the surface to be soldered, and using good solder and clean swab with muriatic acid. Sodium amalgum might be usefully employed for the purpose.

HOLLOW SHAFTING.—Hollow steel shafting is being introduced into France. It is made by casting the metal around a core of lime, the ingot being finally rolled into shafting, the lime core going with it, and disintegrating in character in the same proportion as the metal even when the total diameter is reduced as low as one-fourth of an inch.

PATENT HAIRPIN.—A Boston woman has received a patent for a hairpin which is arranged so that it will not fall out of the hair. The ends of the hairpin are first bent out and then in towards each other, so as to form at the point a clasp which seizes and holds a lock of hair, and the exterior shoulders of the bent portion also prevents the pin from slipping out.

PATENT SHELF.—A patent was recently granted to two Newark men for an attachment to opera chairs in the shape of a swinging-shelf under the seat, forming a convenient receptacle for an overcoat and hat when the chair is in use. It has been examined by several prominent theatre managers, who have all commended it very highly as being something that has long been needed by theatre and lecture-goers.

ELECTRIC LETTER-CARRIER.—An Austrian engineer has invented an electric letter-carrier in the form of an underground railroad moved by electricity. The locomotive can be guided and controlled from a stationary point, because the battery or motive power is not on the locomotive, and it does not, therefore, need any accompanying attendance. The locomotive and train can be constructed of any diminutive size, and it is claimed will perform the same service for any distance which the pneumatic tube will perform for short distances.

Farm and Garden.

TREES.—Gather no seed from a forest tree that is not clean and straight and a rapid grower. Scrub trees beget their like. The law of heredity holds good in trees as well as in the lower animals and men.

FISH CULTURE.—Hundreds of farmers in Pennsylvania have turned their attention to fish culture. Many have stocked ponds and streams, and in most cases they have been successful, especially with carp, and in a few years they will depend upon fish for a subsistence as much as upon any other farm product.

SLIPS OF PLANTS.—A successful Boston florist says that he seldom fails to root slips of the most tender and rare plants. He credits his success to a layer of oats placed under the usual layer of sand in which the slips are planted. When moistened they act as a stimulant and feeder to the tender roots of the slip.

WARM WATER AND INSECTS.—It is claimed that water heated to 130 degrees is fatal to all insects that infest plants, even though exposed to it but for an instant, while the immersion of a plant for an instant in water of that temperature does not injure the plant in the least unless the leaves are very tender from having been grown in the shade.

STRAINING IN MILK.—Whoever places much dependence on the strainer for securing clean milk will never make gilt-edged butter. Allowing dirt to get into the milk and then depending on the strainer to get it out is a poor apology for cleanliness. More or less of the dirt, especially everything of a soluble nature, and some that is not, will find its way through the meshes of the strainer.

POTATO VINES.—The practice of thinning potato vines to two stalks in the hill, when they exceed that number, has been annual with a correspondent of the *American Cultivator*, and his father before him for fifty years. This is done at hoeing time—the superfluous (weakest) stalks being treated as weeds. The effect is, as may be supposed an increase of large handsome tubers. The object of cutting seed to single eyes is in part to prevent overcrowding and competition of stalks.

NATURE IN STEERS.—The eye of a steer, when prominent, bright and clear, with a mild and gentle expression, is an indication of health, with a quiet disposition and good feeding quality. If the eye is dull and sunken the capillary circulation will be defective and the functions of nutrition imperfectly performed, and there will not be a deficiency in the ability to fatten but a lack of strength and constitutional vigor. A restless and wild expression of the eye indicates a predominance of nervous action, an unquiet disposition that is not compatible with good feeding quality.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 10, 1893.

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THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

There is hardly an affliction so pungent but that time, the healer of all things, will abate the severity of its pain. But it is very unbecoming to a great mind to obtain relief from such a tardy remedy. Sorrow from the beginning of the world has been the lot of humanity, and immoderate grief only betrays unmanly weakness.

Seeing what an immense amount of misfortune there is around us, we ought always to prepare ourselves for the approach of an impending shock, and to expect an increase of woe.

Weak minds will exclaim that nothing can exceed their misery. But, alas! though the cup of adversity may seem filled to the brim, yet it may still admit another drop, and though we think our measure of woes complete, it will rise even above despair. The effects of this perturbation of the mind are frequently mistaken. Weak minds always seem deeply affected, while great minds will look on calmly, and bear their trouble patiently. Yet the former do not feel more, or even so much, as the latter, but they bear less; and the latter—the calm mind is often taken in error for hardness of heart and littleness of feeling. A weak spirit will become crushed by the same misfortune which would rouse a strong one to exertion.

But there are some people who are never content with their lot, let happen what will. Clouds and darkness are over their heads; they are always in trouble; to them every incident is an accident, and every accident a calamity; even when they have their own way they are not satisfied, and so they always look upon the dark side of life, and are continually in trouble. But what a blessed thing, when it is impossible to escape from any trouble or its natural results that we are called upon to bear, is reconcilement. How easy it is to climb the otherwise hard, rough road. If we only reconcile ourselves to our trouble, we find one half has disappeared, and the other half is comparatively easy to bear. While, on the other hand, if we worry over our misfortunes, and turn against our sorrow, we not not only add to their strength, but impart perplexity and annoyance to our neighbors; for who can bear with a fretting or peevish man, who, whenever you see him, has nothing else to talk of but his calamities? And although sympathy is embodied more or less in every creature, yet it is impossible for the most kind-hearted man to sympathize with another when the burthen of his cares is continually being laid bare before him. At the best we are poor consolers. The most complete solace is to be found in reason. Learn to look on all those dispensations of Providence as designed for some wise purpose which you will probably hereafter fathom, and you will find not only that the troubles seem less, but you will be wiser and better for having gone through them. For "as gold is tried by fire, so must our hearts be tried by pain."

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE Supreme Court of Maine decides that a Masonic lodge is not a charitable or benevolent institution within the meaning of the laws of Maine, and consequently that its real and personal estate is subject to taxation like other property.

—

A GREAT scandal is reported to have just occurred at the English Court. A nobleman, who occupied a high position in society, has eloped with a lady officially attached to one of the Princesses, who is a wife and a mother. The affair has naturally created a sensation in the circle in which the parties move.

—

THE English journal *Iron* says: "There are many articles in which several countries are a long way ahead of us. An example is to be found in the superiority of the tools which are now so largely imported into this country from America, and which, while remarkable for their quality and finish, are much less costly than are those of English production."

—

THE Yale Association of Colorado have raised a considerable fund to aid studious youths from that State in acquiring an education at Yale College. The boys in the Denver High School have been told that the association will gladly pay the tuition of any of them who may go to Yale, and that to those deserving and needing it some other assistance may be given.

—

IN a conversation about grave robberies by medical students, a leading physician of Syracuse, N. Y., said that a student in the medical college of that city a few days ago graduated in a neat suit of broadcloth taken from the body of a well-to-do citizen which was removed from the grave immediately after burial. It fitted him very well, except that the coat was a little too long. All the medical students knew whose clothes they were, but as the graduate was poor nothing was said about it.

—

IN the mountains of western North Carolina and east Tennessee, there is a curious industry quite extensively carried on, namely: the collection of ivy roots. The roots are shipped to Philadelphia and Boston, where they are used for making door knobs and pipe bowls. They are found principally along the line of the Cranberry Branch Railroad and in the vicinity of Rome Mountain, where they grow in great abundance and attain an enormous size. A root weighing eight hundred pounds was dug from the ground and shipped to market. This is supposed to be the largest ivy root ever found, but roots weighing from 75 to 150 pounds are frequently found.

—

WASHINGTON'S looks now afford a topic of discussion for some of the Boston's people. The discussion was brough about by the Sharples portrait, which the English owner, recently sent over for exhibition at the Art Museum. The portrait was painted in 1796, and some claim that it is the only good likeness. The portraits we have all knows make the Father of His Country look like a man "who might go through life saying 'prunes and prisms.'"

—

EXPERIMENTS conducted at the Palace of Industry, Paris, to determine the effect in conservatories of illumination by the electric light do not appear to be very satisfactory. When the naked rays were allowed to stream forth, the result upon the plants was found to be positively injurious. When globes were put on the lamps, the injurious consequences of the light ceased, but very little good could be detected. Illumination by night did not seem to be fatal to vegetable life, but no proof was discovered that it was beneficial.

—

ONE becomes accustomed, says a correspondent, in the German cities to seeing the women and dogs monopolizing much of the work which we usually assign to men. There seems to be no burden too heavy for the broad shoulders of the women, and harnessed in with their faithful Tray, they drag about the streets the most bulky burdens. When these good dames become too old for hard work, they serve the public in offices occupied in our country by children; or, as a little American girl recently exclaimed: "Why, all the newsboys in Germany are old women!"

—

THE hanging by the neck until he is dead of a human being can never, even under the most favorable circumstances, be anything else than a repulsive spectacle, but according to all accounts the execution of a negro murderer in the Tombs prison, which took place a week or so since, was superfluously and superlatively horrible. Through a deplorable piece of blundering, the noose was not properly adjusted, and the miserable wretch died of slow suffocation and in frightful agony. It would be hard to say why the barbarity of hanging still remains a feature of our judicial system. Allowing that capital punishment is necessary, some more humane means of applying it might readily be found; but at any rate, if the practice of hanging is to be continued, pains should be taken to secure the services of an efficient hangman. In this respect they do things better in England.

—

A MILITARY pocket-handkerchief devised by a Swiss manufacturer last year found its way to the French War Office, where it was so highly approved that the military authorities have introduced a similar article into the French army. The centre of the handkerchief is occupied by the cross of the Legion of Honor upon a red background, with the inscription Honor and Country beneath it. Around this central point is grouped a circle of medallions, containing representations of officers of all grades. The different uniforms are pictured so distinctly that the French private can tell at a glance to what grade any officer whom he may see has attained. The special pocket-handkerchief prepared for the infantry soldier has exact drawings of the arms used by him, with explanations of their mechanism. The borders of the handkerchief are hemmed in with a frame-work of the National colors, and within this framework are printed a number of sanitary precepts to be observed on march and during a campaign.

—

AT an evening party in a village in Germany, a few weeks ago, the question arose how many kisses could be exchanged between two lovers within a certain space of time. A youth offered to bet anybody present fifty dollars that he and his betrothed would kiss one another 10,000 times within ten hours, provided they were permitted to partake of some slight refreshment at intervals of half an hour during the performance. His wager having been accepted, the affianced couple addressed themselves to the achievement of their task. At the expiration of the first hour their account stood credited with 2,000 kisses. During the second they added another thousand, and during the third 750 to that number. Then they both broke down. The youth's lips were stricken with cramps, and the maiden fainted away. Later on in the evening she was compelled to take to her bed with a sharp attack of neuralgia. An even more distressing result ensued, for it led to the breaking off, by mutual consent, of the matrimonial engagement.

—

THE consulting surgeon of the Royal Humane Society of London, makes an announcement, in which nervous people will find a great source of comfort. He has succeeded, he says, in discovering "a series of very delicate, cheap and simple tests, within the comprehension of any qualified practitioner which involve no disfigurement, and will establish beyond doubt, the stage at which death is, and the possibility of resuscitation; while the system gives the key to the restoration of suspended animation, whether life is in the balance after dawning, or has to external seeming flickered and passed away in the crisis of a wasting disease." If the discovery comes to anything, it ought to have the good effect of making English people willing to bury their dead at a much shorter interval after death than is the case now. The rapidity of the funeral in some other countries shocks our sentiment, but most physicians agree that the delay in England is constantly very dangerous.

—

THE Chicago *Times* does justice in the following paragraph to many a worthy girl in a most important calling which is too frequently made the subject of thoughtless ridicule and misrepresentation:—"Considering the large amount of valuable property left in charge of servant-girls by women who devote much time to shopping, visiting and pleasure seeking, it seems remarkable that cases of theft are not more frequent than they are. We hear of about as many banks being robbed by high-salaried officials as we do of houses being robbed by poorly paid servant girls who are left in charge of them. The temptations set before domestics are many and are very generally resisted. Servant girls do not unite in strikes for shorter hours or higher wages, or for both, as persons do who engage in most kinds of work. As a class they are conscientious, honest and upright. They form the most useful body of persons in the community. If their services were better appreciated they would, in most cases, be better performed. What is more, a better class of girls would prefer working in private houses to working in shops, stores and large manufactories."

—

THE habit of writing and reading late in the day, and far into the night, says a London paper, "for the sake of quiet," is one of the most mischievous to which a man of mind can addict himself. The feeling of tranquility which comes over the busy and active man about 10.30 or 11 o'clock ought not to be regarded as an incentive to work. It is, in fact, the effect of a lowering of vitality consequent on the exhaustion of the physical sense. Nature wants and calls for physiological rest. Instead of complying with her reasonable demand, the night-worker hails the "feeling" of mental quiescence, mistakes it for clearness and acuteness, and whips the jaded organism with the will until it goes on working. What is the result? Immediately, the accomplishment of a task fairly well, but not half so well as if it had been performed with the vigor of a refreshed brain working in health from proper sleep. Remotely, or later on, comes the penalty to be paid for unnatural exertion—that is, energy wrung from exhausted or weary nerve-centres under pressure. This penalty takes the form of "nervousness," perhaps sleeplessness, almost certainly some loss or depreciation of function in one or more of the great organs concerned in nutrition. To relieve these maladies—springing from this unexpected cause—the brain-worker likely has recourse to the use of stimulants, possibly alcoholic, or it may be simply tea or coffee. The sequel need not be followed. Morning is the time for work, when the body and brain are rested, and the mind power at its best.

FATE.

BY M. S.

Out of the leaping furnace flame
A mass of molten silver came;

Then, beaten into pieces three,
Went forth to meet its destiny.

The first a crucifix was made,
Within a soldier's knapsack laid;

The second was a locket fair,
Where a mother kept her dead child's hair;

The third—a bangle, bright and warm,
Around a faithless woman's arm.

That Sunday.

BY N. Y. J.

DORINDA, Miss Carlyon and Granville Jeremy, dear reader, each requiring a separate sentence of introduction.

Dodie, a white little thing, soft and tender as the pet name she bore.

Miss Carlyon, puzzled one sometimes with her grave, deep glances, lighting occasionally with a flash of enthusiasm, but self-contained and independent after the manner of a young woman who had battled her own way through the world, and won.

Granville—I don't know how to do him justice and at the same time censure him in so small a space—big, dark, sleepy-looking, with two prominent characteristics, his indolence and generosity.

To Dorinda their competence seemed unlimited wealth.

She had never known anything beyond the threadbare condition of "shabby genteel."

She had never fitted her faultless little hands into a pair of Jouvin's kids without the consciousness of rusty linen coming about the seams of her shoes, or the necessity of dyeing the summer ribbon for the winter hat; never, by any possibility, had hat and gloves and shoes and fresh, cheap dress been attainable together.

What wonder, then, that this visit to Edgehill was like the opening of Paradise to her blue, wistful eyes?

Just a week before Mrs. Austin, the married daughter of the house, had come suddenly out of a decided pet to surprise Mrs. Jeremy with an eager outburst—

"Mamma, I've an idea. You must let me have my way in the matter; I'm going to invite that girl for the time Lyna stays. If that won't cure Granville of his absurd infatuation I don't know what will."

"My dear Letitia," deprecated kind mother Jeremy, "would that be quite just to the girl?"

"Better than having the unaccustomed creature quartered on you for life. It will only be a foretaste of what you may expect if we don't succeed in convincing our son and brother that her ways aren't our ways. I never was so disappointed in my life."

Yet she could not but acknowledge that there was some excuse for Granville when she entered the store where Dodie presided over the glove counter to prefer her request.

Dodie had the true pearl and rose tints in her delicate bloom, and she had gained self-possession enough not to appear overwhelmed at the ravishing prospect of a week at Edgehill.

But when Mrs. Austin had taken her gracious departure, two little white hands were clapped gleefully together, and Dodie danced like a sunbeam through a narrow aisle piled high with dusky fabrics.

"Mortimer, Mortimer! the fairy days have come again."

"They've never quite left me while you were here, Dodie," responded Mortimer Jones, clerk in the silk department.

But the light went out of his face as he listened to her news.

Something that had only been uneasy apprehension on his part sprang into quick jealousy on the spot.

"I suppose it's due to Mr. Jeremy that you're invited," said he with a vicious twitch of the "piece" he was folding.

"Well, will you go?"

"Will I go?" with open eyes.

"You couldn't be coaxed not to," said Mr. Jones, forlornly; "not if I took you to the theatre, Dodie, and got you the—the corals you liked at Hanna's?"

Dodie's bright head went up in supreme disdain.

Yet there was a flutter of trepidation at her heart that first evening at Edgehill.

She had seen Miss Carlyon, and, with a woman's instinct, recognized in her a possible rival.

Dressing for dinner, she hesitated over her scanty wardrobe, where her choice was limited to a black alpaca or a deep-blue cashmere—the latter her best dress, which should have put it out of the question for her first appearance—but Miss Carlyon was in her mind's eye tall and fair in noiseless black silk.

In the shabby alpaca Dodie felt that she could not outshine her, but there were hopes with the blue.

So blue it was, and she was rewarded by the glance Granville Jeremy gave her, surprise, delight, admiration, all mingled in one, seeing which Mrs. Austin began to discuss Ruskin and Stuart Mill.

Dodie was hopelessly silent of course.

"Oh Letitia, I thought you promised me a season of rest," protested Miss Carlyon plaintively. "Art and philosophy have no part in the sum and substance of my existence for the next seven days. Miss Winter," to Dodie, "did you do that exquisite embroidery yourself? Would it be asking too much to show me how?"

Dodie was herself again, and Dodie experienced a sense of gratitude without knowing why, while Letitia, knowing her friend's opinion of needlework, as applied to her own case—she was one of those women who have a higher mission, with no time to fritter away on the smaller vanities—looked first amazed, then a trifle abashed.

"Don't try to use me to make that pretty girl feel out of place, Letty," said Miss Carlyon coolly, as they walked from the dining-room into the parlor, where mamma Jeremy had preceded them, while her son presumably enjoyed his evening cheroot, and Dodie made friends with the canary, blinking sleepily through her gilded bars. "I intend to champion her cause."

"You wouldn't if you knew, that is, I hope you wouldn't. The detestable thing is fishing for Granville."

"And she will make him the best of little wives; but don't throw the blame on her shoulders, please. Clever men of your brother's stamp always do choose such lovely little women."

"Thank you, Miss Carlyon. Listeners occasionally hear some good of themselves after all."

And Granville rose lazily from the deep shadows of his mother's chair, to join Dodie, and apparently forget all other presence in looking down upon her rose-leaf face.

Mrs. Austin felt herself hopelessly outgeneraled in the very first tilt of her campaign.

Realizing her designs, sheer obstinacy would make her brother pursue his own, so like a wise little woman, she recognized her defeat and resolved to make the best of it.

After the first edge of the excitement wore off, time dragged a trifle heavily with Dodie.

There were none of the merry making which she had expected to participate in, no gallant young men to breathe the essence of devotion in looks and tones.

Edgehill was never a gay place, and this was the Lenten season, but to Dodie Lent meant no more than the remainder of the year.

There was a diversion one evening when the choir of St. Stephen's came to practice at Edgehill.

Dodie's appreciation of music was limited, but she was keenly alive to the fact that her best dress had suffered from constant wear.

For once Mrs. Austin really sympathized.

She had no wish to present the future Mrs. Jeremy in crumpled cashmere, that had a grease-spot on the sleeve and a tear in the flounce.

"I'll lend you one of mine," said she, "No one will ever know."

But somebody did know.

Somebody in the shape of Granville Jeremy had a certain sensitive streak in his nature shocked by her appearance in borrowed plumes.

Besides, a picture had been haunting him all day, a picture of Miss Carlyon picking a forlorn little waif out of the gutter, soothing it with soft words, and walking away with its grimy little hand clasped in her gloved one, unconscious of his proximity.

Were the scales really falling from his eyes and showing him the difference between the two?

He felt impatiently that he would rather remain in blindness.

Dodie, with her soft prettiness and clinging ways just suited him; she would believe in him, but Miss Carlyon would be for ever urging him to his best efforts.

The music fell upon his perturbed state of mind, and all his disquietude was forgotten.

Miss Carlyon played.

She was to take the organist's place in St. Stephen's for the Easter service.

It was the Easter music rising, throbbing, and dying away—

"Peace, peace! The suffering is over, the passion is stilled. Death is robbed of its terrors, and a radiant light shineth forth from the tomb. Joy, joy! Chant, waiting angels, the promise is fulfilled. The Lord, who was dead, is risen indeed."

"I never could see anything in Easter Day," said Dodie pettishly.

"It's all very well for those who can come out in new bonnets and spring dresses to rejoice because Lent is ended, but what have we to rejoice over who have Lent all the year round?

"I never hear a word of the sermon through being so desperately conscious of my shabby hat."

"It would be a pity to lose that of our minister for such a reason," said Jeremy, moving away.

But when Easter morning broke with a royal glitter of resplendent dyes in the east, which the yellow beams of the sun presently pierced, promising to be pitiless to every rusty fold of well-worn garments, Dodie felt her soul rebel against going out in the well-dressed company that would issue from Edgehill.

"And I won't," she inwardly declared.

"Oh, dear, if he were like Mortimer Jones he wouldn't expect me to."

Something took possession of Dodie.

Mortimer never made her feel that she had said the wrong thing, no matter what silliness she chattered.

Mortimer never asked her to a Sunday morning walk when her shoes were scaled at the sides, and when he took her to a concert he was thoughtful to send a pair of white gloves with the bouquet.

Thinking thus, a square box on her table suggested Mortimer.

But when it opened to disclose one of the daintiest creations of milliners' art, with lilies-of-the-valley and field daisies and pale blush rosebuds, mingled in exquisite confusion amid ribbons and lace, she drew one long breath which might have been a vow of fealty to Granville and Edgehill for ever.

"I don't know how to thank you," she said, appearing a moment before the others, with every lily bell and dainty frond quivering from the arch nodding of the little head.

"If I don't look pretty it isn't the fault of the bonnet. Do I?"

"Pretty — very," he said, in a grave way.

Bonnets were not the subject of his thoughts, however, and looking beyond her as Miss Carlyon descended, he certainly did not know whether she wore one or not.

He saw nothing but the clear-cut face and shining, earnest eyes.

"Will you walk with me, Lyna?" he asked her, and Dodie, filling the third place in the carriage, was willing to credit him for the moment with as much as Mortimer possessed.

But within the church a portion of her discontent came back.

Mortimer would not have left her to find her own place in the prayer-book.

Mortimer would not have been so absorbed in the music to have unconsciously ground the glove she dropped under his heel, and when a tall, masculine figure appeared with the close of the voluntary, eliciting a whisper of rapture from Mrs. Austin, being no other than Mr. Austin unexpectedly coming on the scene, Mortimer would never have left her to be crushed in the further corner of the pew and there be forgotten.

Yes, quite forgotten, for groping frantically after the misused glove at the close of the service, and finding it hopelessly ruined, Dodie realized that the moving throng in the aisle had separated her from the party; Granville joined Miss Carlyon at the gallery stairs, never thought of her; Mrs. Austin, with her husband beside her, supposed that Miss Winter had joined the other two, and Dodie came to a pause on the steps, aghast at finding herself deserted and the bright sky of the morning thickly overcast, with big drops of warning borne on the breeze.

"Oh, my poor bonnet!" she thought, in despair. "What right had Granville Jeremy to go off and leave it unprotected? If he had not meant to shield her from all the storms of life, why had he given it to her?

"Oh, Mortimer, Mortimer, you wouldn't have left me so," rose to her lips.

"I'll never leave you, Dodie, unless you send me away," said a sympathetic voice, as a saving umbrella warded off a new burst from the clouds.

"I tried to reach you before, but couldn't for the crowd.

"So you like it, my dear? I thought that you would."

"Like what, Mortimer?"

"The bonnet.

"You are not offended because I took the liberty?

"You see, I knew ladies always wanted one for Easter, and I couldn't bear the idea of those Edgehill folks going ahead of you. I don't deny I had a struggle, thinking that I might be helping the looks of the future Mrs. Jeremy," confessed honest Mortimer, "but when I saw the way he looked at the organist as they went out together, I knew I'd been making a fool of myself for nothing, and now I want just one thing more to make me perfectly happy."

"What, Mortimer?"

"Leave to buy all your bonnets hereafter, Dodie dear."

And of course he had it.

"Deceivers Ever.

BY HAROLD W. INGALLS.

IN the silver moonlight Brankesome Hall looked majestic and stately, like some memorial of a chivalric period long since passed away.

In ages gone brave knight and fair lady may have dwelt within its walls, the one dreaming of crusades and jousting lists, and banqueting halls resounding with the mirth of the feasters or the plaintive airs of the troubadour.

But in the daytime Brankesome Hall is shorn of its glory: and in this nineteenth century there dwells in the chambers of the stately mansion no mail-clad knight or "ladye fayre," but plain Ernest Stanhope, whose habits of seclusion have been the talk of the district for miles around.

"What a pity," said Mrs. Fotheringay, glancing at the invitation list to her coming Christmas ball—"what a pity that dear Mr. Stanhope shuts himself up so exclusively! I must write him a neat little note, that shall melt his heart, even if he is a Blue Beard!"

And Mrs. Fotheringay's eyes twinkled merrily at the prospect of her triumph.

Ernest Stanhope sat in his study engrossed in meditation.

A bright fire burned cheerily in the cosy fireplace, and cast a lurid glow on the rows of books enclosed in the massive cases that lined the room.

As he sat there, gazing dreamily into the fire, the lines around his firm-set mouth deepened and relaxed again with the turn of his mental reverie; a pair of blue eyes fringed with lashes of gray hair, twinkled uneasily in their setting: and over his massive forehead, furrowed a little with care or trouble of some kind, dark brown hair fell luxuriously in clustering curls, adding a graceful touch to a face whose expression denoted sadness of thought rather than weariness of life.

"Impossible!" he murmured to himself, clasping his hands on his knees, and turning his gaze to the window.

"I have done with foolishness for ever now; and as for amusement, it is here;" and his looks went to his book-shelves with a fond, almost passionate, gaze.

"I have conquered the base desire for such pleasure as she can give, and care little for any one except what I can create for myself."

And there he sat, buried in thought, long after the purple glow of the fading sunset had left the earth.

The woods surrounding Brankesome Hall had silvered beneath the soft rays of the harvest moon when Ernest Stanhope at last arose, and enveloping himself in a long cloak, went forth into the stillness of the night.

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"Julie, Julie! where are you, child?" a woman's voice called from the open door of a large mansion situated in one of the midland counties.

No reply came, save the mocking echo sent back by the woods around, and in a minute or two the figure disappeared, and the door was again closed.

Julie Manvers was the only child of the late Colonel Manvers, of Her Majesty's Bengal Infantry.

Mrs. Manvers having pre-deceased her husband, Julie was left to the care of her widowed aunt, Mrs. Fotheringay, with whom she resided at Fotheringay's Castle, in Blankshire.

Julie, at this time, was a charming girl of nineteen, with eyes dark as night, and chestnut hair reaching to her waist.

As she sat in the rustic seat in the thick shrubbery beyond the flower garden, toying with the strings of her wide-brimmed hat, her aunt's voice came faintly to her ear, like the tingle of a far-off bell.

A rustling in the bushes near by, however, diverted her attention from the aunt's voice, and the next moment there before her was a tall young man, who gazed on her fondly and admiringly.

"Ah, Julie, how good of you to come!" he said, in a low, eager tone, raising the delicate hand she had given him to his lips.

"Yes; and I think I heard someone calling me just before you came," she made answer, quickly.

"But you will not return to the house already, Julie? I have so much to tell you."

"No, Maxwell, not yet, but soon, for you could say so little in justification of yourself were my aunt to discover you here."

"Hush!—never mind her," he replied. "Some day, dear, when I have won a position befitting you, I shall boldly claim your hand, even before your aunt."

Julie's eyes sparkled for a moment.

Then assuming a more serious expression, she said—

"Ah, Maxwell, is it not a pity that we have to wait? Our love is so earnest, so deserving of a better fate."

Maxwell Roden gave vent to an exclamation of pain.

It was well that in the darkness Julie could not note the passing expression on his face, so ghastly was it, and so suggestive too.

"But, Julie," he went on, drawing her closer to his side, "to-morrow—to-night, almost—I shall be gone; gone to Paris, to my new situation; and then, you know——"

"Oh, Maxwell, do not speak of it. I cannot bear to hear of your going so soon;" and she looked at him appealingly.

"Come, Julie, your inconsistency is very charming, but it is also very dangerous. You would have me stay here and yet——"

"No, dear Maxwell," she replied, interrupting him; "you are wrong. But when you are gone I shall count the days till you return. Perhaps aunt may go to Paris this winter," brightening up at the prospect, "and then we shall see each other for a time in the gay city.' And won't it be funny, Maxwell, to have our clandestine meetings renewed, not in the shrubberies and flower-gardens at Fotheringay Castle, but on the boulevards and in the Champs Elysees at Paris?"

"Yes, dear," he answered; "I hope your aunt will come, but still I am afraid that if she does she will want you to marry some gouty old French marquis, whose only recommendation will be his inability to speak English and his country chateau. A very tempting bait for a young girl," he added.

"Never, Maxwell. I will never take such a step," she replied with pride, not unmixed with pain. "I prize my independence too highly, and love you too well, Maxwell, to be guilty of such flagrant conduct."

"Forgive me, Julie," he whispered. "I was only indulging in an extravagant improbability. I know your heart is right, and that you will be true to me in my absence."

Then they sat in silence, their hands locked together, until at last Julie made a movement to rise; and Maxwell, clasping her passionately in his arms and kissing her, murmured a farewell, and was gone.

Julie slowly retraced her steps to the Manor House, standing out white in the clear moonlight, back to the humdrum life that before had been lightened by her lover's visits, but which was now, as she thought, to be eventless and joyless, without pleasure of any kind that her young heart could delight in.

How far she was mistaken in her belief we shall presently see.

* * * * * *

To that delicious French retreat, made famous by its association with the crowned heads of France and its extensive and umbrageous forest—Fontainebleau—we must now transport ourselves.

Beneath sunny skies and in genial weather Fontainebleau looks a very paradise—a spot to be cherished in one's memory for the brightness of its surroundings and the sacredness of its associations.

Tourists love it; literally people scrawl about it; and yet the half of its beauties have not been realized.

"How tired I am, child!" said an elderly lady to a young girl standing at one of the windows of their hotel, and gazing, with a dreamy expression, on the distant forest and chateau.

"It has been a busy day, dear aunt," said the young woman; "but I don't feel a bit tired myself."

"Wait till you grow old, Julie, and then you will know what it is to be done up with traveling.

"I remember, when Plantagenet and I were married, we traveled for about six months without stopping.

"I was just like you—never felt tired, no matter how far we had gone in a single day. but now, you see, it's all changed, and the journey from London to this place has completely tired me out. Oh, that dreadful Channel!"

And at the thought of what she had endured, Mrs. Fotheringay leaned back on a lounge and closed her eyes.

Julie stood for some moments at the window, trifling with the pearls that encircled her throat, and ever and anon casting furtive glances at the old-fashioned ring Maxwell had given her, but of which her aunt knew nothing.

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Some hours after, sitting alone in her neat little bedroom, Julie's attention was attracted by the sound of voices issuing from an apartment adjoining her own.

She listened intently, for there was something in one of the voices that strongly reminded her of one that she had often heard in the past.

"Come Eulalie," the voice exclaimed, in a persuasive tone, "you see my position. A word from you would shatter my hopes."

And the tone sank to a whisper too low for Julie's ear.

"You have deceived me, Monsieur Ernest," Eulalie replied, hotly. "I thought an Englishman had honor, but I was mistaken.

"You surely must have seen and felt that I——"

"For mercy's sake, be silent!" her companion exclaimed. "If you speak I shall be ruined!"

Julie uttered a deep groan, cold drops of perspiration trickled over her brow, and her heart beat with a quick, uneven throb.

"Oh, do not talk of that, I beg—I entreat of you!" said the pleading tones of his voice.

"You know it is impossible now. No, no; you must forget that you ever knew me, Eulalie, and turn your heart to some more worthy object."

Julie's countenance as she heard these words expressed infinite scorn and disdain.

There was no longer any doubt that it was he; the voice was his, though the name was that of a stranger; and, besides, could he not assume any name to suit the exigencies of the moment?

She hated him now; his last words to Eulalie had snapped the tender chord that had bound her to him, and grateful was she that his treachery had been revealed to her.

"Forget!" murmured Julie, to herself.

"That is a man's word.

"How can a woman who has once loved purely forget it?

"Oh, Maxwell, why did you ask me to love you?—why did you take from my fresh young life its beauty and its fragrance?"

And Julie, utterly overcome with her grief, sank back in a chair, and wept bitterly.

The voices in the adjoining room were now hushed; a door or two was slammed violently, and then all was still.

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"Tell him I will see him in a minute—in five minutes," said Julie, in a trembling tone, to her waiting-maid, who had brought her a note from a gentleman below.

Julie rose, and paced the room as if to brace herself for the coming struggle.

Emotions of the wildest kind rushed through her heart and brain, driving thence whatever reason and calmness might have lurked within.

"Please be seated," she said, haughtily, when Maxwell Roden was announced and entered the room. "You wished to see me, I believe."

"Wished to see you, Julie!" he exclaimed, in an amused tone, advancing to where she stood. "Of course I wished to see you."

"Well, now that your wish has been gratified, what else do you desire?"

"Julie, are you mad? Has anyone told ——"

"Stop, sir, and do not further degrade yourself. You have lost my respect—as you ought to have lost your own, if ever you had any—by your treacherous, unmanly conduct."

"Speak plainly, I beseech you!" he exclaimed. "You are hot-tempered; but, remember, a reflection on a gentleman's honor, even uttered under such circumstances, has no excuse. Quit, then, this enigmatical speech, and let me know your meaning."

"My meaning?" she cried, in a tone of bitter irony, roused by his haughty manner, which she attributed to his hardened nature.

"Perhaps my English is not so intelligible to you as it once was."

"Julie," he exclaimed, "can you mean ——But no; it is too wild a conjecture."

"Do not say one word more," she cried, "for you cannot now undo that which your deceit has accomplished.

"Ah, Maxwell," she added, in a changed tone, moved to softness by the memory of her love for him in the past, "it is all over now!

"But do not—oh, do not—ask me to forget, as you bade me!

"Go, now, I pray you!

"The world is wide enough for us both, and I will hope that we may never meet again!"

She left him standing in the middle of the room, speechless with amazement.

Then, as it dawned on his mind that Julie had overheard his conversation with Eulalie, he broke forth into a violent fit of passion.

"Lost!" he hissed forth, between his closed teeth; "lost by that girl's bedevilment! Love her!" he cried, in the bitterness of his heart.

"Poor, silly thing, how could I love her, when"—and his eye glanced towards the door through which Julie had passed—"when she was to be had for the wooing?"

* * * * * *

"Julie, dear, I have just received a note from that dear Mr. Stanhope, actually accepting my invitation I sent him to my Christmas ball.

"Now, dear," Mrs. Fotheringay went on, assuming a grave tone and countenance, "you must be very careful not to offend him, as he is a gentleman whom I——"

"Spare yourself, my dear aunt," cried Julie; "I will just behave towards him as I shall towards the rest of your guests. I no have favorites, especially those of masculine gender."

And Julie flung away the book she had been reading, and walked over to the window.

There was an impatience and assertion in Julie's tone that greatly provoked her aunt.

That lady, like most meddlers in other people's affairs, readily believed her niece's behavior to be the outcome of base ingratitude, and prepared herself to put down all opposition, and assert her authority.

"Whilst you are under my roof, Julie, you must conform to my reasonable wishes. I do not intend to force you, however; but I again express my desire that you behave well to this——"

"Then I shall not," returned Julie.

"I would rather stay away from the ball than have anyone thrust upon me whom I do not care for."

Mrs. Fotheringay was speechless; she thought she had gone too far, and at once began to beat a retreat, more hasty than dignified.

"Julie," she managed to articulate, "do you think I—— You misunderstand me altogether, child.

"You can, of course, do as you like, and speak to whom you like.

"All I want is that you will allow me to introduce you to young Mr. Stanhope, who is our next neighbor; and if you can spare a dance for him I shall be delighted.

"I think my requests are very modest, Julie!"

And Mrs. Fotheringay put on one of her most appealing looks.

Julie—quick to detect any change in her aunt's manner, and well acquainted with the various shades of her character—quickly promised to consider the matter at her leisure.

"But remember," she added, "if you expect me to flirt with him you will be disappointed."

"There, now, auntie, if your scold is over, let us be friends again."

And Julie impressed a kiss on her aunt's ruffled brow.

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The Christmas ball at Fotheringay Castle was a county "event," patronized by the Lord-Lieutenant and his deputies, and most of the notable luminaries in the district.

The Duke and Duchess of Pultowa, too, were always present, along with their two pretty daughters, who rather liked the idea of being ogled by whiskered dragoons and rising young barristers.

The day came; the guests were in excellent humor with themselves and each other, and over the whole scene sweetly hovered the smiles of Mrs. Fotheringay.

"Your niece is conspicuous by her absence to-night," whispered his Grace of Pultowa to Mrs. Fotheringay, after the first dance.

"Dear me, I thought I saw her a few seconds ago," replied Mrs. Fotheringay, becoming alarmed lest Julie might have put her threat to absent herself from the balls into execution.

"I am sure Stanhope is very much grieved at her absence. He is the picture of misery just now," said the Duke, with a smile.

"If you will excuse me for a moment I shall try and find where Julie has gone to, as I do not see her in the room."

And so saying, Mrs. Fotheringay tripped off on her delicate mission.

"Pretty woman, that," mused his Grace, making an inward comparison between the shapely form of Mrs. Fotheringay and the lusty woman who shared his honors and his gout.

A few minutes, and Mrs. Fotheringay returned, and with her was her niece.

Julie looked a perfect specimen of an English girl.

The figure was finely rounded and not too slim; her countenance, generally pale, was now flushed by excitement or some other cause, and her flashing black eyes were unusually brilliant and restless.

She was dressed in white satin, relieved with pink roses and blue violets, and looked charming in her simple yet elegant attire.

"You are not engaged, I hope, for the next dance?" inquired the Duke.

"I have reserved it for the Marquis," replied Julie. "I am sorry my card is filled up."

The Duke was charmed.

This was a diversion in his son's favor, and as his Grace was about to express his satisfaction, the young Marquis came up and claimed Julie for the dance.

After the waltz was done, Julie, taking advantage of her aunt's absence, and being heartily tired of the ball, fled to the conservatory by a private door in the ball-room.

The fragrance of the air and its delicious coolness gratified her wearied senses after the stifling atmosphere she had just escaped from, and she was on the point of congratulating herself on the successful retreat, when a young man advancing from the other end of the building attracted her attention.

"Julie!" he murmured, before her tongue could frame utterance; and taking her delicate white hands into his, he gazed into her half-averted face.

"Maxwell, you here!" she managed to stammer out. "Am I dreaming, or what is wrong with me?"

And as she spoke she snatched her hand from his grasp, and pressed her brow.

"Julie," he cried, "is there——"

"Oh, Maxwell," she cried out, in a pleading tone, "can you forgive me for what has happened? I was so grieved at, as I thought then, of losing your love through no fault of mine."

"My darling," he said, "I freely forgive you. I am so glad she has explained it all to you, as I never dreamed of her loving me—never, my darling."

"But it was long ago, Max, was it not? And she must have cherished her love for a long time, till you came to the hotel; and had you not done so, her passion, I believe, would have endured all the same."

"Yes," he answered, vacantly.

Then taking one of her hands, he said, "And, now, Julie, that mystery number one is solved, there yet remains another to be solved."

"Well, Maxwell, what is it?" Julie asked.

"It is a very curious one, dear, but you must not be alarmed at it.

"I am here, as you do not seem to be aware, on the invitation of your aunt, not as Maxwell Roden, but as Ernest Stanhope, the recluse—my real name and description," he added, with a smile at the deception he had practiced.

Julie turned pale; but before she could speak, Ernest went on—

"You see, Julie, I am not so great a recluse as they imagine, and having seen you frequently, I grew to love you so passionately that I felt I would never have rest till you were mine.

"Then I remembered that you, perhaps, would be prejudiced against me from what you had heard of my conduct, and so I assumed the character of Maxwell Roden, the poor young man, that I might win your noble love.

"And now, dearest, if you are satisfied with my explanation, let us return to the ball-room, or we shall assuredly be missed."

Julie was still silent, but love is its own interpreter, and Ernest was content with her smile.

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"My dear Mrs. Fotheringay," said Ernest Stanhope to that lady, after all the guests had departed, "I knew long ago that you wished me to marry your niece, and feeling honored by your desire, I determined to win her in my own way. I have done so. We have had many joys, and some sorrows; but the latter are all gone now, and my darling here has promised to take care of Brankesome for me. We only await your approval."

Mrs. Fotheringay, after delivering herself of a long-winded oration, in which her own tact and foresight were abundantly lauded, gave her consent to the union.

"You see, auntie," said Julie, laughing prettily, "what I said was quite true: 'Men are deceivers ever.'"

Next Christmas Eve, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stanhope, of Brankesome Manor, gave a grand ball at their own mansion.

ALL ON ONE TREE.—Most of the writers of the Middle Ages believed that cinnamon, ginger, cloves, and nutmegs are the produce of the same tree; that the bay, the fig-tree, eagles and seal-skins afford protection from lightning; and that the use of bitter almonds is an effectual guard against intoxication. Two fallacies are attached to the herb basil. One writer declared that it propagated scorpions, while another asserted that it was an antidote to the sting of these insects. One great authority, states that an ivy cup has the property of separating wine from water, the former soaking through, but the latter remaining. Another sage wrote that cucumbers had the power of killing by their natural cold; and yet another stated that no snake can endure the shade of an ash-tree.

THE largest ship in the world is the Great Eastern. She is 680 feet long, 83 feet broad and 60 feet deep, being 22,927 tons builder's 18,915 gross and 23,344 net register. She was built at Millwall, on the Thames, and was launched January 31, 1857.

POWERS OF A QUEEN.

THE Queen alone can create a peer, a baronet, or knights, and confer privileges upon private persons.

She alone can erect corporations, and raise and regulate fleets and armies, though under such restriction relating to the appropriation and expenditure of money as make it impossible for her to exercise her power to the detriment of English liberty. She is the head of the church; she convenes and dissolves all ecclesiastical synods and convocations, and nominates to vacant Bishoprics and other church offices.

She sends Ambassadors to foreign States, receives Ambassadors at home, makes treaties and alliances, and declares war and peace, though her power in these respects also is in a large degree limited by the power of Parliament to enact or reject such laws as may be necessary to make it effective. Previous to the revolution of 1688, the government of England was mainly carried on by virtue of what was called the royal prerogative, that is, by the King in person, with the advice of Ministers appointed by himself, who were only responsible to their sovereign for their management of public affairs.

One of the results, however, of that revolution was the transfer of the power of the State from the Crown to the House of Commons.

Instead of a Government by prerogative, there was then established a Parliament, from whom all laws must emanate, requiring only the approval of the Crown as a condition of their enactment. As is well known the Queen appoints her own advisers, irrespective of the wishes or approval of Parliament, and though popularly the Ministry is supposed to possess the whole executive power, no important measure is presented by them to the consideration of Parliament without her sanction and approval. It is not, however, essential that all acts and measures should be presented to Parliament through the channel of the Ministry, and Parliament may originate and pass acts at its pleasure, subject to the constitutional right of the Queen to nullify them by her veto.

The Queen can convene Parliament and terminate its sessions at will. There have been but two instances in which the Lords and Commons have met by their own authority, namely, previous to the restoration of Charles II., and at the revolution in 1688.

There is one contingency, however, upon which, under authority of law, Parliament may meet without summons. It was provided in the reign of Anne that in case there should be no Parliament in being at the time of the demise of the Crown, then "the last preceding Parliament shall immediately convene and sit at Westminster, as if the said Parliament had never been dissolved."

Such a parliament, however, by a statute in the reign of George III., can only continue in existence for six months, if not sooner dissolved. This, then, is the power of the Queen.

She may, with the advice of her ministers alone, assemble, prorogue, and dissolve Parliament, declare war, confirm or disallow the acts of Colonial Legislatures, give effect to treaties, extend the term of patents, grant charters of incorporation to companies or municipal bodies, create ecclesiastical districts, regulate the Board of Admiralty, and make appointments to offices in the various departments of the state, create new offices, and define the qualifications of persons to fill the same, and declare the periods at which certain acts of Parliament, the operation of which has been left to the Queen and Council, shall be enforced. With regard to the expenditure of money, it is expressly provided in the act of settlement, to which reference has been made, that money levied for the use of the Crown without grant of Parliament is illegal. Thus the Crown is entirely dependent upon Parliament for its revenues, but, though dependent, it has a direct control over all supplies when raised. The Crown, acting with the advice of its responsible Ministers, is charged with the management of all the revenues of the country, and with all payments for the public service. It makes known to the house of Commons by its annual budget its necessities, and the House grants such acts or supplies as these necessities require. The Crown demands money, the Commons grant it, and the Lords assent, and no money can be voted by Parliament for any purpose whatever except at the demand of the Crown. No petition even for any sum of money relating to the public service can be received by Parliament unless recommended by the Crown. On the other hand, no person can lend money to the Crown, or to any department of State, without the sanction of Parliament, and all money transactions between the Bank of England and the Treasury are expressly forbidden. The Commons, of course, have the power of withholding supplies, but only once (in 1784) since the revolution of 1688 has this power been exercised.

THE largest library is the Bibliotheque National, in Paris, founded by Louis XIV, it contains 1,400,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 175,000 manuscripts. 300,000 maps and charts, and 150,000 coins and medals. The collection of engravings exceeds 1,300,000, contained in some 10,000 volumes. The portraits number about 100,000. The building which contains these treasures is situated on the Rue Richelieu. Its length is 540 feet, its breadth 130 feet. The largest library in New York, in respect of separate works, is the Astor. About 190,000 volumes are on its shelves.

—WAR. WAR.—

WAR ON THE WASH-BOILER. WAR ON FILTHY FUMES OF STEAM.

A GOD-SEND TO OVERWORKED HOUSEKEEPERS and SERVANT-GIRLS.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS HAS ATTENDED THE INTRODUCTION OF

The Frank Siddalls Soap

IT HAS MADE A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION IN THOUSANDS OF HOMES.

IT HAS BEEN DECLARED by EDITORS and HOUSEKEEPERS to be one of the MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES of our Time.

And the "POST" now has the pleasure of telling its readers about its being a Labor-saving Invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to over-worked women and servant-girls. It is as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor. *The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes* is better and easier than the old way, and it will answer both for the finest laces and garments and the coarser clothing of the laboring-classes. It is a cheap Soap to use; and a few minutes' time on the part of a Housekeeper of ordinary intelligence is all that is necessary to show the washwoman how to use it, and every Housekeeper should *insist* on its being used *one time* EXACTLY BY THE DIRECTIONS.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP and THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF REFINEMENT.

A person of Refinement will be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF INTELLIGENCE.

A person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in following directions which are so easy that a child could understand them.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF HONOR.

A person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to send for an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE PERSON.

A sensible person will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

JUST THINK! NO STEAM TO SPOIL THE FURNITURE AND WALL-PAPER!

DONT FORGET TO TRY THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP FOR THE TOILET, THE BATH, AND FOR SHAVING. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant, and infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores, which other soap often causes. EVEN A PERSON OF ORDINARY INTELLIGENCE WILL KNOW FOR CERTAIN that the long-continued use of a Soap that is excellent for washing children CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE MOST DELICATE ARTICLE WASHED WITH IT, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any humbug about it.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY, where it is not Sold at the Stores.

1st.—Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps.
2d.—Say in her letter she saw the advertisement in the "POST"
3d.—Promise that the Soap shall be used THE FIRST WASH-DAY after she gets it; that it shall be used ON THE WHOLE WASH, and that ALL THE DIRECTIONS, even the most trifling, shall be followed.

Those who send for a Cake must NOT send for any for their friends. Let each family who want the Soap send for themselves.

Now by return mail a full-size 10-cent Cake of Soap will be sent, POSTAGE PREPAID. It will be put in a neat iron box, so as to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in postage stamps have to be put on. This is done because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen out to sell to the Stores.

Of course, only one Cake will be sent to each person, but after trying it the Stores will then send for it to accommodate you, if you want it.

Make your Promises VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS IMPROVED WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

EASY AND LADYLIKE; SENSIBLE PERSONS FOLLOW THESE RULES EXACTLY, OR DONT BUY THE SOAP.

The Soap washes freely in Hard Water. Dont use Soda or Lye. Dont use Borax or Ammonia. Dont use any thing but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. It answers for the Finest Laces, Calico, Lawns, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for soiled clothing of Butchers, Blacksmiths, Mill Hands and Farmers.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; **the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash.** *Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.* **A wash-boiler standing unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in the Soap. Wash the white flannels with the other white pieces.**

The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour, *and let the Soap do its work.*

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the washboard, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds. Any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows. Wash each piece lightly on the washboard through the rinse-water, (without using any more Soap,) and see that all the dirty suds are got out. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

NEXT the blue-water, which can either be lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any blueing, for this Soap takes the place of blueing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until it gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rubbing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

Always make **the blue-water soapy,** ***and the less blueing the better.*** **The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet indoors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way.** *Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces.*

☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement, and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, No. 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

THAT TERRIBLE AFTERNOON.

BY ANNABEL GRAY.

THEY were troublous days for Scotland, ay, children, troublous days, when one and another—a vast number if thought of together—had to go into caves and dens of the earth, very like those of old in the Bible days, for their religion's sake, because of the way they served the God of their forefathers.

But nought of the trouble, the unrest, or disquietude was upon little Jeanie Couper, of the clan of McKenzie.

She was a farmer's daughter, and eight years old.

No, not a care had she, wandering about the sunny old homestead, or sitting in the shadowy barn by the side of old Tib, with her five kittens, purring out her delight there in her bed among the straw.

True, Jeanie heard her father and mother, and Samuel, their old shepherd, talk by the wood fire in the kitchen, of an evening, of what was making her unhappy country sad; but it did not make her sad, living her sunny childhood's dreamy life.

Sometimes, as she hearkened, her heart would ache as over some romance, as they thus told their tales of loss and suffering, sitting in the rosy firelight on the chilly spring evenings, when they all met for a little time in the genial glow to chat and enjoy one another's society—her father, mother, Samuel, her brother Archie, and she, the pet of all.

She often took her porridge of a morning to eat it in the barn by the side of Tib and her romping family, because her mother was busy in the dairy, and Archie away early to school.

And of an evening, when the sun was going down red behind the hill, her oat-cake and milk tasted sweeter there by her pet's side than when sitting a lonely mite in the wide fireplace, her mother coming and going, and eating a little bit as she could, after her thrifty, hard-working fashion.

She might not wait for her father, Samuel, and Archie, because her mother liked her to eat her evening meal before sundown; so she, Tib, and her kittens, breakfasted and had supper together, while the days were smiling themselves into greater beauty, and the evenings growing pleasant, although the air was still crisp and cold.

The sunlight lay red on the roofs of the barn, the stable, and old gabled house, as she made her way one evening, among manure and decayed straw, across the yard to her feline pets, carrying a mugful of milk in one hand, a saucer in the other, and her apron, containing a good-sized piece of oat-cake, tucked under her dimpled chin.

So she tripped along, and in the simple blue frock of home-spun, a pretty, quaint-looking child, with fair, sunny curls twining around her brows, and eyes as blue as our own April skies.

She had been out in the grass-field of the house among the daisies the whole afternoon, so had not seen the band of red-coated, armed men scudding here and there on horses, now hurrying past the gates, now halting and peering in: nor the look of consternation on her father's face as he went into the house to find her mother.

Her supper was waiting for her on the bare kitchen table when she went in, but her mother was in the dairy she thought—she did not know, nor did her absence trouble her.

She daintily tripped her way along, stopping on every straw which shone bright in the sunlight, in her fanciful, childish way, till a rough voice accosted her, and made her look up before she reached the barn.

"Well, and where are you taking that to?" it said, and, starting so that she spilled some of her milk over her shoes, she glanced up, to see one of those terrible red-coats who figured in those stories told by the firelight.

"To the barn—my father's barn, yonder," was her reply, in her pretty Scottish brogue so queer, and not half understood by English children if I wrote it.

"And who may that be for?" That red-coated questioner was terrible to look upon; Jeanie's hands shook as she held the mug and saucer; as for the oat-cake, her apron slipped from under her chin, and down it went.

"For me—'tis for my supper," she told him, mustering what courage she could, thinking it was nought to red-coats if people chose to eat their suppers in their own father's barns.

"That's likely, isn't it?"

"Yes, I eat it there to keep Tibby company," lisped the little Scottish tongue.

"Ha-ha-ha!" It was a chorus of laughter, and the child, looking up, saw ten or twelve soldiers around her, and she alone with them—alone, without father or mother.

"Children and foolish people always speak the truth," quoth one, the fiercest of them all, stepping forward and shaking her by the shoulder.

"And where is this Tibby to be found?" he asked, laughing uproariously.

"In the barn: I told you so once."

"We'd like to see the lady."

"'Tis only a cat," Jeanie told him, picking up her oat-cake from where it had fallen: "but you may see her, and welcome—her very innocence taking away her fear in part.

These fierce men had nought to do with her father or any of them, she told herself, and trudged on before them to the barn.

"Mother!" She thought she caught a glimpse of a blue gown disappearing behind the pile of straw in the darkest corner of the building, where lay Tibby and her family.

But, no, it could not have been her mother, or she would never have left her to talk alone to those tall, armed men, standing like giants around her.

"Pussy, pussy!" she said, and kneeling down by her brute friend, she filled her saucer with milk, and felt it good to be near even her.

"What have we here besides straw?" said that fiercest one of all, poking and thrusting therein with his sword.

"That's straw—nothing but straw," lisped the little faltering tongue, her mind full of a vague wonder as to whether she was speaking the exact truth, whether she had really seen her mother hiding there.

But the soldiers did not detect her hesitation, nor, in the dim light of the barn, note how pale her little face was growing.

Was the trouble come to them now, the trouble that had seemed to her so far away—for other people?

"Well, the child knows nothing, that is certain," remarked the grim leader to his men.

"Where are your father and mother?"

"Father's on the farm, and I don't know where mother is.

"I think she is in the dairy."

Of course she was not hiding there, and leaving her little girl to stand there trembling and alone.

"Well, we've no time to lose," spoke the commander, and the party abruptly left the barn.

Jeanie heard their horses' hoofs strike all along the road outside behind the barn, and then went, child-like, to peer in where she fancied she had seen that blue skirt vanish.

"My God hath sent His angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me," she heard a man's voice saying in that dim night of shadow behind the straw, and her mother answered.

"Yes, my child has given us [illegible]

Jeanie peeped round, a [illegible] figure, in the doorway of the barn.

"Mary!" he said; "Mary!" and she groped her way to him, leading little Jeanie by the hand.

"The Lord hath wrought a great deliverance for us," spoke the farmer. "But Samuel says the lad is run to earth; and so must quit the spot this very night."

"But for where, guidman?" her mother questioned, her hand firmly closing over wee Jeanie's.

"The dens and caves of the earth have been [illegible] for the [illegible]

"But how is he to live? We dare not take nourishment to him, for the children's sake."

"It may be the hand of one of these same children for whom thou fearest;" and the father stroked his little daughter's head.

"Will my Jeanie do more of this angels' work?" questioned her mother, a catch in her breath.

"What is angels' work, mother? I don't understand," panted the child, in a tone of awe.

"Helping God's people, and not thinking of self, as thou hast done to-night."

"I'd like to do it, mother," [illegible] the little maiden, the spirit of self-sacrifice and dedication breaking over her childish soul like a flood.

"Nay, let not a hair of the child's head [illegible] and the straw—a tall man of noble bearing [illegible] father made way for him, he [illegible]

They were silent a [illegible] then Archie entered by the barn door.

"Have you seen the red-coats?" he asked.

"They have been riding round by the house; I saw them as I came from school, but they are gone now."

Then the farmer and his wife led the stranger into the house, aided by the fast-gathering twilight; and the children knew that they themselves were living in troublous times.

They stowed him away somewhere, Archie and Jeanie did not know where; then they sat by the wood fire and hearkened for the clatter of horses' hoofs and the clang of armor.

They heard the soldiers return and go the round of the out-buildings; they came and burst into the warmth and security of the fire-lit kitchen; they went through the house, while poor little Jeanie thought of her angels' work, till her heart grew brave and strong, though her face was pale as death, sitting on her stool, with Archie and Samuel on the hearth, while her father and mother showed the crooks and crannies of the old house.

They were satisfied, and went away; then the stranger crept from somewhere above stairs, and sat on the hearth with them.

Serious, earnest talk had those four elders that evening, to which the children hearkened, especially Jeanie, in trance-like awe and wonder.

Then she, Archie, and old Samuel went to bed, leaving the three others still sitting by the smouldering fire: and in the morning the tall stranger of the previous night was nowhere to be seen.

Of course Jeanie asked where he was, and if the soldiers were likely to come again that day; to which her mother gave evasive answers, and buried herself with household work.

But her little daughter heard her sigh, and more than once caught her looking at her with troubled eyes, so that she wondered if she had vexed her, and put the question to her.

"No," her mother told her, in a harsh tone—or what she supposed to be rather harsh—and then bade her go to her play.

So she spent good part of the days which followed playing with Tibby in the shady old barn, or wandering among the daisies in the field, a wondering, puzzled little maiden, from whom childhood was fast gliding away.

If the stranger was gone, then for whom were those messes of porridge, and oat-cakes, and mugs of milk, which her mother mysteriously bore away?

But the red-coats came no more, and so a fortnight passed.

Then a message came from Kirkpatrick, that John Couper's father was dying, and he would fain bless his son and his wife, ere he departed this life for a better.

It was a long journey—they must not linger nor stay—in those days when railway speed was unknown.

Mary Couper's cheeks blanched to a deadly paleness, when she received the tidings from the trusty messenger, and sent Jeanie to call her father from the sheep-pen.

"The Lord is mighty and over all, we must e'en trust Him," the child heard her father say, as the two talked together, and her mother made reply:

"And, maybe, the child will not be tried," in a tone which filled her poor little heart with a strange trembling.

"Jeanie, my child, Jeanie," said her mother, presently, as she was playing with the kittens on the porch, and trying to make herself believe that she was not the child her mother meant who might not be tried, "can I trust you with a secret, which you will guard with your life?"

"Why me, mother, why not Archie?" asked the small Scottish girl, half shrinking from so great a trust.

"Because he will not be here; he will remain at school, till I and your father return."

"Why, mother, why?"

"Because it will be best. Can't you trust your father and mother?"

"And where will Samuel be?" asked the pitiful little north-country voice.

"Hush, my daughter! Let her know nought of what I am about to trust you with."

Then the child gave a deep sigh, and answered bravely.

"Yes, mother, you may trust me," and she knew at once to return ever that troublous days were come to her dear home—to herself.

Her mother took her by the hand, and led her upstairs to her and Archie's bed chamber—a small, cold room—and showed her a trap-door, high up in the wide chimney, [illegible] fire-place, under the roof, [illegible] for smoking hams, but where many a fugitive had hidden away from his pursuers, in perilous times like those which had now come.

"He, the stranger, Edward McCall, is in there, child; you must find time and opportunity to put him food and drink up the chimney, tapping at the trap-door, and he will take it in.

"Not even Samuel knows of his whereabouts, so, my child, beware, beware.

"Should the red-coats come, tell no falsehoods; but do not betray his hiding-place, defend him with thy life, Jeanie, but they will not dare to kill thee darling.

"And should they find him they will try to smoke him out, then"—she drew the startled child down the stairs again, into the kitchen—"see here is another trap-door in the fire-place, open that, and pray God of the Covenant help him to escape.

"Dost understand?" asked the sorely-tried mother, and the mite replied with panting breath—

"Yes, mother, I understand."

Then the [illegible] mother kissed her and departed, leaving her in the silence of the golden afternoon, to wander through the lonely house, and await whatever might happen to her.

She was glad of Samuel's home-coming, after she had stolen up in fear and trembling with oat-cake and milk, to the Edward McCall who was in hiding and whose hand reached down the chimney, and took it up.

Yes, she was glad to sit and talk to Samuel, to hearken to the [illegible] her father, read, and to hear him pray in homely language for the downcast, and the dying, those in hiding, and the fearful of hour, and strange shadows seemed to steal out of the corners of the kitchen toward the firelight, the while, as it to hearken also, till her heart went pit-a-pat, and her hand stole out [illegible] caressingly to [illegible]

And so crept away to her great solitary chamber with its secret, and soon [illegible] row had come, another came crowding after, and still another; then the poor, weak, little troubler would have to be strong, and brave, and true.

A dreamy beauty lay on the fields, slumbering in the sunlight, a hush was in the house, with its wee mistress flitting here and there, now at her house-wifely duties, now playing with her kittens.

She had taken her charge his dinner, she longed for the time for the next meal, and the return of old Samuel, marking how the sunshine and the shadows lay on the distant [illegible] how the day was dying away toward evening.

An [illegible] there,

A flash of [illegible] red by the window [illegible] and the kitchen was full of armed men.

A [illegible] white-faced mite she stood among them, [illegible] what followed is soon told.

"We, [illegible] are your father and mother, little maiden?" [illegible] questioned one, the same

"[illegible] to Kirkpatrick, to see grandfather, who is dying."

"Good. And where is the fellow they have in hiding here?"

"I suppose he's where they bid him," lisped the little trembling tongue.

"And where's that?"—the impetuous leader gnawed his sword-hilt, as he questioned her.

"I mustn't tell father's and mother's secret."

"Then you own to their having a secret?"—the fierce-looking soldier half-smiled at the pale, innocent face.

"You said somebody was hidden here, and where he is must be a secret."

"Why?"

"Because you don't know it."

"And do you?"

"Yes," the sunny little head nodded assent as well.

"Then you'll have to out with it."

"I must defend it with my life—that's what mother said."

"Rot! your life is no more than a mouse's," and away marched the handsome, impatient leader, up the stairs, calling to his men to follow him.

She stole like a very snow-flake, so white was she, to the foot of the stairs, and hearkened, while the sunshine laughed all away over the fields, as if nothing so terrible were happening.

Tibby and her kittens leaped up and down the stairs, as if wooing her to a game of romps, it seemed to the child as if she would never romp again.

Her head seemed to grow heavy; was she going to sleep?

No, a wild shout of "smoke him out! smoke him out!" roused her to terrible wakefulness, while heavy though fleet feet came flying along above toward the stairs.

Nimbler feet sped to the kitchen, the door was slammed to and bolted, thundering blows falling on it, ere it was well secure.

Another moment, the trap-door was open and heavy fell, a form leaping through the fire itself smouldering on the hearth.

Now it vanished through the high window, and she saw him, Edward McCall, scudding over the sunlit fields.

Would he escape? the poor little heart was panting, as she climbed up and watched him, when the door opened with a crash.

"Now, give us fire, you little white faced ——"

"Nay, revile not the child," said the handsome leader, "our errand is with the cowards who hide away, and leave children to bear the brunt."

Jeanie never knew what followed, for somehow her spirit gave way, and she fainted.

When her senses returned it was evening and Samuel was at home.

"Thou wast mighty tired child," quoth the old man, "and I thought I'd let thee sleep; for thou mightest have found a better bed than the hard stones."

Then he made her have supper with him, and, in the midst of the Bible reading which followed, her father, mother, and Archie came in.

In the cold grey of early morning, a tall form stole up through the midst to the back of the house, and questioned the farmer going out to his work:

"Is it well with the child?" And the other answered in true Bible words:

"It is well." May she live to be a pillar of strength among the people of God."

Then the two wrung each other's hand, like those parting, it might be, till eternity's sweet meeting.

Dear little Jeanie, so strong and steadfast in her weakness, because of her simple confidence in her parents, and their God, who would trust a child for so mighty a trust before poor wavering Samuel or faint-hearted Archie, lived to a good old age, and was wont to speak of this stirring event of her childhood as "That terrible afternoon."

Edward McCall became a bright light in a foreign church, and years afterwards in his own land.

And may not wee Jeanie's mite of simple service be remembered, amid greater deeds and brighter lights, in that glorious day, when small and great alike will stand before God, who delights in littles?

DESTRUCTION OF LIFE.—When the Southern Ocean was first opened by the discoveries of Capt. Cook, it teemed with animal life. Fur seals and hair seals assembled on the coasts of Australia and New Zealand and on the outlying islands. They were at once set upon and killed, the slaughter being conducted without regard to sex or season. The result was the total extirpation of several species. The same results also happened at the Falkland Islands, at Cape Horn, and on the Pacific shores of South America. A vessel took 1,200 skins from the Island of Masafuera at the beginning of the century, an exploit which left no survivors for future adventurers. The same thing happened at the South Shetlands. In 1821-2 British sealers took away 320,000 skins for the two years, killing male and female indiscriminately, and leaving the young to die. The fate of the sperm whale might furnish a useful lesson in the same direction. It was once abundant in the Southern Ocean, but is now all but extinct, from the very same causes that we have pointed at above in the case of the seals. The whale's old-time maternal affection, and found it easier to kill a mother and her cub together than a mother alone. A few years after this period, armed steamers armed with projectiles of cunning contrivance, and the fishery had to be given up as no longer profitable.

A DULL HEADACHE, Costiveness, Low Spirits, Want of Appetite, and all Bilious Affections are cured by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills.

Grains of Gold.

Abate two-thirds of all the reports you hear.

Home is the seminary of all other institutions.

Keep yourself innocent if you wish to be happy.

He who blackens others does not whiten himself.

Humor is the toll and wine of merry greeting.

All philosophy lies in two words—sustain and abstain.

There are some minds that we must leave to their idiotism.

It is but the little of man that seeth no greatness in trifles.

Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge.

A life spent worthily should be measured by deeds—not years.

Superstition is but the fear of belief—religion is the confidence.

Virtue, like a dowerless beauty, has more admirers than followers.

The becoming graces: Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.

As turning the logs will make a dull fire burn, so changes of study a dull brain.

It is with happiness as with watches; the less complicated the less easily deranged.

Those who live on vanity must not unreasonably expect to die of mortification.

Experience is a trophy composed of all the weapons we have been wounded with.

Though flattery blossoms like friendship, yet there is a great difference in the fruit.

How much lies in laughter, the cipher key wherewith we decipher the whole man.

It would be easier to endow a fool with intellect than to persuade him that he had none.

Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it, a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.

When one hope departs, the other hopes gather more closely together to hide the gap it has left.

The man who carries a high head should remember that the lighter the head the easier it is raised.

When death consents to let us live a long time, it takes successively as hostages all those we have loved.

It is a sad fact that it is much easier to have a hot controversy about religion than it is to live religiously.

Adversity has the effect of eliciting talents which in prosperous circumstances would have lain dormant.

If you would be known, and not know, live in a village; if you would know and not be known, live in a city.

Faith! never forget it is faith, and faith only, that swings wide open the door leading into the Gospel pleasure-house of plenty.

Yesterday—The natural source of histories. To-morrow—the mother of all mysteries. To-day—a jeweled moment set between.

Those are mock gentlefolk who mask their faults to others and to themselves; the true know them perfectly, and acknowledge them.

An ambitious man whom you serve will often aid you to rise, but not higher than his knee; otherwise you might probably be standing in his light.

Keep your promise to the letter, be prompt and exact, and it will save you much trouble and care through life, and win for you the respect and trust of your friends.

No true man will ever ask of a fellow creature, man or woman, on terms however extravagant, the doings of a thing he could not do himself without a sense of degradation.

Let every man be free to act from his own conscience; but let him remember that other people have consciences, too; and let not his liberty be so expansive that in its indulgence it jars and crashes against the liberty of others.

When any person finds it easier to sit, or stand, or walk, or sleep in a crooked position than a straight one, such a person may be sure his muscular system is badly deranged, and the more careful he is to preserve a straight or upright position again the better.

The great men of earth are the shadowy men, who, having lived and died, now live again and forever through their undying thoughts. Thus living, though their foot-falls are heard no more, their voices are louder than the thunder, and unceasing as the flow of tide or air.

The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that will ameliorate, not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.

The instability of human life, or the changes of its successive periods, of which we so frequently complain, are no more than the necessary progress of it to a necessary conclusion; and are so far from being evils deserving these complaints, that they are the source of our greatest pleasures, as they are the source of all novelty from which our greatest common pleasures are ever derived.

When the iron wedge fails to rend a rock, they sometimes drive wooden ones into the crack and fill the seam with water, which the wood drinks in until its expansion by silent forces does that which the iron wedge with repeated blows could not do. So in life the greatest force in subduing obstinate natures is a heart that absorbs silently the love of Jesus. Such a heart can expand until every resistance is overcome.

Femininities.

A lover has all the qualities a husband has not.

Are shopping ladies apt to be called price fighters?

Ready maid—The girl who is willing to be kissed.

It is not safe to call a woman a weathercock, because she is a little vane.

My son, you ask who or what a nobody is. Well, my dear boy, a nobody is a prominent woman's husband.

Don't sneeze! A young lady in Indianapolis burst her eyeball the other day while indulging in that little recreation.

An amorous swain declares that he is so fond of his girl that he has rubbed the skin from his nose by kissing her shadow on the wall.

First lady—"Dear me, I never saw Mrs. Potts look so pale." Second lady—"Nor I; she's probably been out in the rain without an umbrella."

A Chicago woman recently told her husband that she had put her foot right down on his going to the club. He glanced at the foot, sighed, and sent in his resignation.

"Women are so contrary," said Blobbs. "I thought when I got married my wife would darn my socks, and let me alone; instead she darns me and lets my socks alone."

The royal family of England is credited with being one of the most natural and unaffected in the country. The Queen's daughter always speaks of Her Majesty as "Ma."

It is asserted over and over that anxiety shortens life; but when a chap sees another chap feeding his girl sandwiches at a pic-nic, is he going to sit down and bid his soul be calm?

"You are as full of airs as a music box," is what a young man said to a girl who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."

A young woman of this city, who is in deep mourning, complains bitterly of the brilliant hue of the postage-stamps which she is obliged to put upon her heavily-bordered envelopes.

King Cetewayo, of South Africa fame, has five wives, who bear the names respectively of Umponsi, Upewaro, Ungenilas, Unoxixcobo, and Cucebeza. Unoxixcobo is over six feet tall.

Sixteen-button gloves are said to be unhealthy. We do not know why they should be, unless it is because they give a girl palpitation of the heart while her fellow is helping her to button them.

"Yes," said the lady, "I like to have a handsome cook. You see, my husband's business keeps him out late at night, and there'd be no man in the house if the cook didn't have a policeman visiting her."

A Western woman named her girl baby after a noted lady, and wrote to her about it. The lady sent a thick, heavily-sealed envelope, "not to be opened until the babe's 20th birthday." It was a terrible revenge to take.

"No, ma," she said, "Charles can never be anything to me more. He has come out in his last season's overcoat; and, oh, ma, if it only matched my new dress, I wouldn't care so much, but it doesn't, and we have parted."

"I suppose you have heard that Mme. B. is dangerously ill?" "You surprise me! I thought it was only a trifling indisposition." "Pardon me; I had it directly from her son-in-law." "Ah, he always looks on the bright side of things."

A woman applicant for a position in the Interior Department sent her card to Secretary Teller on Monday, with this inscription upon it: "Name, Mrs. Blank; nature of business, employment or starvation. I have lived on air for 17 years. Can anyone do more?"

"It rains, ma," said Estelle, "and I don't think I shall attend church to-day." "It rains," said Estelle's ma, a few nights subsequently; "you had better not go to the opera to-night." "Oh, ma," said Estelle, "I can wear my rubbers and waterproof."

A female child, 22 months old, was before the Recorder of Montreal the other day, charged with larceny. The Recorder, acting on the principle that "silence gives consent," when the charge was repeated to the infant, sent the child for five years to a home for wanderers.

Madame Aubran, the widow of the French author of "Poems of the Sea," who has just died at Marseilles, left a request that her heart should be placed in the tomb of her second husband, and her body brought to America and interred in the tomb with her first husband.

Rev. Dr. Pullman, of New York, recently said that "women are not angels, but plain human beings." The doctor never made a more serious mistake. Of course we all know they are not angels, but to call them "plain!" We predict a serious falling off of the feminine element in this man's congregation.

When Queen Victoria entered London as a bride she wore a white bonnet, which conformed with the Parisian style of the day. To every new daughter-in-law she has presented a fac-simile of this white bonnet, and the piece of headgear has been worn by every one of them upon their entrance into the metropolis.

While the wife of Mr. Frederick Clark, living on Cane Creek, in Cane county, Mo., lay dying, surrounded by her friends and relatives, a tornado struck the building in which she was confined and lifted the roof off, and during the heavy rain that followed, blankets and coverlets had to be held over the dying woman to shield her from the elements. She died shortly after the storm ceased.

An Omaha man, in danger of losing his house by the foreclosure of a mortgage, sold his wife to her admirer for the $200 needed to satisfy the claim. That was two years ago, at which time the proceeding caused considerable comment. The new couple lived amicably together until lately, when the original husband, having prospered during his period of bachelorhood, bought back the woman at an advance of $50.

News Notes.

Fully half of Boston proper is built on piles.

Flower bonnets and parasols painted with flowers are the fashion.

Of 920,177 children born in France in 1881 62,217 were illegitimate.

The cost of a recent foggy day in London was $93,000 for extra gas.

Two policemen constantly attend Mr. Trevelyan, the new Chief Secretary of Ireland.

New gold discoveries in Montana have started an immigration of thousands of fortune-seekers thither.

Governor Cornell has vetoed a bill permitting public offices in New York and Brooklyn to be closed on Saturday.

One hundred and fourteen thousand small trout have been distributed recently in the streams of eastern Pennsylvania.

The amount of money Mrs Mason (whose husband shot at Guiteau) has received for "Betty and the Baby," foots up $6,507.

A convicted horse-thief gave a New Haven lawyer a sail-boat for defending him, and it now proves that the boat was stolen.

The Collector of Baltimore recently drew a check for one cent in favor of a New York firm, this being the amount of overpaid duty.

The latest of the many factitious foods now offered to the world is advertised in England under the name of "Artificial Human Milk."

Seth Green is the first man on record to say a good word for shad bones. Says he: "If there were more bones in the food people eat there would be less dyspepsia."

The trustees of Southbridge, Mass., have limited the shows in town this year to an average of one a week, "so as to reduce the temptation to foolishly squander money."

A certain princess, who has been living of late in the Champs Elysees, Paris, has eloped with her own footman. Her husband reached the station just in time to see them glide out of it.

James Russell Lowell is, as an author, intolerant of autograph hunters. He drops the stamps enclosed by collectors into his stamp box, and tosses their letters into his waste paper basket.

The Chinese Six Companies of San Francisco have cunningly bought a ranch on Puget's Sound, where they will land coolies from China and bring them into the United States as called for.

A French millionaire, in order to encourage population, has left annual prizes of $1,200, $800, and $600 to the mothers of the largest families in Paris, with preference to the poorest in case of equality.

Considerable excitement has been caused among Southwestern people by the report that Texas has issued land certificates for 18,000,000 more acres of land than can be found subject to possession under them.

A cow and a small Scotch terrier had a fight at Staunton, Va., the other day. The dog fastened to the cow's nose, and held there till she had killed him by twice driving one of her horns through his body.

The suicide of Dr. E. Ardia, in Louisville, was preceded by a solitary religious service. He sang a hymn, read a passage of Scripture, and made a few remarks in extenuation of what he was about to do. These were found fully written out.

An innocent couple at Wabash, Ind., went to the Postmaster to be married. The official was innocent, too, thought he had authority in the premises, and performed the ceremony in good faith. The next day came enlightenment and confusion.

The highest price ever paid for a horse in England is believed to have been paid by the Duke of Westminister, the richest man in that country, who paid the extraordinary sum of $300,000 for an animal he desired to possess.

What renders the threat of a great European war alarming, is the fact of the immense armies that are burdening Europe so grievously. The standing military and naval forces of Europe comprise over 10,000,000 of men and cost an annual outlay of £365,000,000 sterling.

A mineral spring in Arkansas, whose water turns as red as blood when confined in a bottle, and an oil-well in Kentucky, from which flows an abundant supply of refined petroleum, all ready to produce a pure and brilliant flame, are among the new wonders of the country.

Two naughty boys in Toronto, Canada, tied a kitten to the tail of their kite on Feb. 21, and sent it up, mewing piteously. When it had ascended about 400 feet, the string broke, and the kitten was borne away towards the clouds. Neither the kite nor kitten has since been seen.

A long-haired Leadville man went to Chicago, and thus explained himself when the police got him safely in jail: "Well they told me that people would cut your throat here if you had a dollar, and I thought it was one of them fellers that tackled me, I had $230 in my pocket, and it looked as if he be struck me for it, so I shot him."

While there has been some dispute relative to the politics of Jesse James, the murdered Missouri outlaw, there can be none about his religion, since Rev. G. W. Rogers, pastor of the Baptist Church, Austin, Texas, writes that he baptized him in 1877 at Kearney, where he prayed in public several times for his wayward brother Frank.

Oliver John Kenyon's house of Ashantee, Wis., originally had only one story. When his son married he added a story for the accommodation of the new family, and a third was put on when his grandson took a wife. He is now 80 years old, and it is therefore unlikely that the building will be further heightened for a great grandson, though he hopes so.

If Nearly Dead

after taking some highly puffed up stuff, with long testimonials, turn to Hop Bitters, and have no fear of any Kidney or Urinary Troubles, Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Liver Complaint. These diseases cannot resist the curative power of Hop Bitters; besides, it is the best family medicine on earth.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and vital tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Sprains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."
"Radway on Irritable Urethra."
"Radway on Scrofula."

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills: be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

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HUMPHREYS HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

AGENTS WANTED for the LIVES and ADVENTURES of the NOTED OUTLAWS,

Frank and Jesse James,

Containing the only complete and authentic account of these **Bold Highwaymen.** *The latest information about the* **Shooting of Jesse.** *The most vividly interesting and exciting book ever written.* **Fully Illustrated. Send 50 cents for complete outfit,** and **write quick** for terms, which are very liberal, and you can make money fast. **Now is the time. DOUGLASS BROS., 53 N. Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

New Publications.

"The Eleventh Commandment" is the somewhat strange title of a translation from the Italian of Anton Giulio Barrili, by Clara Bell. In plan of arrangement it is rather different from those usually met in English, a fact which by no means renders it less interesting. The personages as a rule prominent in works of its class, the lawyer, the scientist, the priest, are all there. The plot is of no great depth or intricacy, and the descriptive matter is scanty, but the dialogue is lively, plenty, and always entertaining. As a good example of the modern Italian novel, it is every way to be commended. The translator has done her work well, though fragments of other tongues are scattered through the pages too promiscuously. Sometimes, it is true, this is necessary to maintain the point, but there are many places where they could have been Englished with benefit to the unlearned reader. Gottsberger, New York, publisher. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"Health Hints from the Bible," by a Physician, is a book that is useful, entertaining, and instructive. Its main object is to show that the resemblance between the sanitation of antiquity and the best ideas on the subject to-day is very close. In doing this three parts of Holy Writ bearing on the matter have been grouped together in a very methodical, succinct, and pointed way. Apart from much that the book has in value from this source alone, it contains a great deal in the way of health hints that all should know. Price, paper backs, 50 cents. Blakiston, Publisher, 1012 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

MAGAZINES.

That magnificent publication, *The Magazine of Art*, for June, shows no abatement, but, if possible, an increase in the excellence of its contents. The leading articles, all of which are grandly illustrated, are: A Painter in the Streets, A Man of Culture, Queen Anne Pints, Alone, Narcissus—the two latter being full-page engravings; The Great Classical Fallacy, Glass Painting in the Fourteenth Century, A Rose Water Raphael, The Art of Savages, etc., etc. For all interested in art, this work can be commended in the very highest terms. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York.

Vick's Illustrated Floral Magazine, for May, is fully as good as its predecessors, and this is the very highest praise. In the way of hints, information, etc., concerning flowers and the garden generally, one number is worth its whole subscription price. From first page to last it is altogether praiseworthy. James Vick, Rochester, New York. $1.25 a year.

The Popular Science Monthly, for June, contains the following articles: Speculative Science, by J. B. Stallo; The Eye-like Organs of Fishes, by Dr. Ernst Krause, illustrated; The Appointment of College Officers, by F. W. Clarke; Sir Charles Bell and Physiological Experimentation, by Doctor William B. Carpenter; The Zuni Social, Mythic, and Religious Systems, by F. H. Cushing; Astronomical Panics, by Daniel Kirkwood; The Stereoscope, (II.,) by W. Le Conte Stevens, illustrated; The Jews in Europe, (I.,) by Dr. J. von Dollinger; Chemistry in High-Schools, by Elisa A. Bowen; A New Theory of the Sun, by C. William Siemens; The Future of Mind, by Peter Bryce, M. D.; About the Molds, (illustrated; The Introduction of Domestic Animals; Hydrodynamics and Electricity, Illustrated; The Cause of Tubercular Disease, by Professor Tyndall; Sketch of Chas. R. Darwin, LL. D., (with portrait; Editor's Table—Charles Robert Darwin, A Very Modern Reproach; Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany, etc., etc. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

MUSIC.

The Philadelphia Musical Journal, for April, contains the following choice selections of sheet music, arranged for the piano: Douglass, Tender and True, a favorite and beautiful ballad; I'm Going Home to Clo', a popular and taking song; Little Birdie Mine, a song sure to please everybody; Maid of Beauty Waltz, a gliding and pretty melody, and Sweet Smile Schottische, an excellent composition. We cordially advise all our readers to send for a copy. Published by William Nuneviller, No. 1300 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

We have just received a copy of the "Verdict March," composed by Eugene L. Blake. It is written in an easy style, so that it can be played on either piano or organ. The title page is very handsome, containing portraits of Hon. Geo. B. Corkhill, Hon. J. K. Porter, and Judge W. S. Cox, also a picture of the twelve jurymen who convicted the assassin of our late President. Price, 40 cents. F. W. Helmick, 180 Elm street, Cincinnati, O.

Those of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of *The Frank Siddalls Soap* had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap sends for it.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

West Flamboro, Canada, April 29, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever seen yet. I think THE POST an excellent paper, and will try to increase its list of subscribers.

MRS. M. M. SMITH.

Martin's Station, Ala., April 30, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

J. W. OXFORD.

Lake City, Minn., April 30, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

MRS. H. FITCH.

Currie, Minn., April 29, '82,

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

MRS. L. H. YOUNG.

Providence, R. I., April 28, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

A. E. ARNOLD.

Point Pleasant, April 29, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

LOUISA LAND.

Reynoldsville, N. Y., April 29, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

N. L. BEMENT.

Fort Washington, Pa., April 28, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

C. A. AIMAN.

Camden, Mo., April 30, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

W. STEWART.

Humorous.

The acme of politeness was reached by the Nevada mining superintendent who posted a placard, reading: "Please do not tumble down the shaft."

The English complain that leather is found in American sausages; and American manufacturers will be so good after this as to take off the collar before using.

A dog weighing six pounds has more strength in its jaws than a man weighing 200, and yet men tackle hotel beef, while a dog has nothing to do but lick bones.

A man, who was having a new house built, objected when the carpenter proposed to put in a bay window. He said he preferred a white one to match the house.

"Oh, give me anything made of beans!" exclaimed a Boston man taken sick in the West, when asked what he would have to eat. They obeyed, and gave him castor oil.

The gambler lives on our hopes, the lawyer on our quarrels, the doctor on our ills, and the clergyman on our fears. The millennium will throw all these people out of employment.

Probably the finest exhibition of human courage that is ever witnessed, can be seen by interviewing the passengers on a Western railroad train half an hour after the robbers are gone.

"Are those stars which we see at night suns?" asked a little boy of his father. "Yes, my boy." "Are the shooting stars suns, too?" "No; the shooting stars are not suns; they are darters."

Some men always look on the bright side. Said the gentleman who was run over by the "black Maria:" "Well, there's one consolation! The fact that I was run over by the thing, shows that I wasn't inside of it!"

It is true that a drowning man will catch at a straw; but the puzzle is, what does he want with the straw? It isn't big enough for a life-preserver, and the man is in no position to enjoy a cobbler, even if he had one handy.

A patient complains that doctors prescribe more medicine than is necessary. The medicine left over from a prescription is a dead loss to the man who is cured, and he cannot, like the old lady who found the box of pills, take it to keep it from being wasted.

To get the best Cod Liver Oil in the world ask your Druggist for **Baker's.** If not kept by him, it will pay to send direct for it. Prices and valuable information mailed on request. John C. Baker & Co., 815 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 823 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Barlett's PILE SUPPOSITORIES RAPID CERTAIN RELIEF CURE.

(From the *Home Journal*.)

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY,

A REAL SKIN CURE.

THERE IS ONLY ONE

AND THAT WITH SIMPLE NAME.

Beware of imposters, pirates, or any old articles which now suddenly claim to be best. They have been tried and found wanting, while this has been proved a remarkable success.

NO POMPOUS NAME.

This curative needs no pompous or incomprehensible title of Greek or Latin to sustain it, but its simple English name appeals directly to the common sense of the people. And the people are signally manifesting their appreciation of this frankness by selecting and using Dr. Benson's SKIN CURE in preference to all other professed remedies.

Dr. C. W. Benson has long been well known as a successful physician and surgeon, and his life study has been the diseases of the nervous system and of the skin; since he has been persuaded to put his New Remedy and Favorite Prescription as a "Skin Cure" on the market, various things have sprung up into existence, or have woke up from the sleepy state in which they were before, and now claim to be *The Great Skin Cures*.

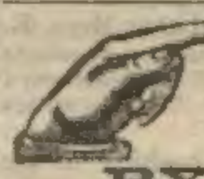
☞ Beware of imitations, or the various articles which have been advertised for years or struggled along, having no real hold or merit on the public, that now endeavor to keep head above water by advertising themselves as "The Great Skin Cure." None is genuine and reliable except Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure. Each package and bottle bears his likeness. Internal and external remedy, two bottles in one package. Price $1.00, get at your druggist's.

RELIEF for all OVERWORKED BRAINS.

CAUSE AND CURE.

Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills are valuable for school children who suffer from nervous headaches caused by an overworked brain in their studies, and for all classes of hard brain workers whose overtasked nervous centers need repair and sedation. Nervous tremor, weakness, and paralysis are being daily cured by these pills. They correct costiveness, but are not purgative. Price, 50 cents, or six boxes for, $2.50, postage free, to any address. For sale by all druggists. Depot, Baltimore, Md., where the Doctor can be addressed. Letters of inquiry freely answered.

C. N. CRITTENTON, New York, is Wholesale Agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies.



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All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c.

Correspondence solicited.

Samples and information free.

"*SHOPPING GUIDE*" mailed free on application.

COOPER & CONARD,

Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. THEO. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

A VALUABLE BOOK FREE!

"A Treatise on Chronic Diseases."

Send for this book to the undersigned, a physician of large experience, endorsed by hundreds of leading citizens who testify to his skill. Send stamp to pay postage to

C. E. LIVINGSTON, M. D., Toledo, Ohio.

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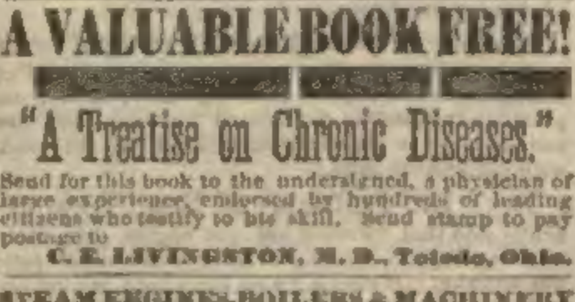

Descriptive circulars and prices sent on application. T. R. SUTTLER, 149 North Third St., Phila., Pa.

LEAN LADIES

May speedily become Plump and Fair. Plain home treatment. Send stamp for particulars. The Adipo-Nutrition Co. 226 S. 5th St., Phila. Pa.

BEATTY'S Organs 27 stops, $60, Pianos, $125. Factory running day and night. Catalogue free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

50 Choice Chromos, with name, in fancy case 10c. Set of samples 6c. VAIL & Co., Fairhaven, Conn.

J. H. COOPER'S CASE.

His Sufferings from Rupture and His Inquiries

ABOUT THE TREATMENT OF DR. J. A. SHERMAN.

GLOWING EVIDENCE AND A TRIP FROM MOLINE, ILL., TO NEW YORK FOR TREATMENT.

Those afflicted with rupture can take Mr. Cooper's inquiries as though made by themselves, and act in accordance with their interest. He was so well pleased with his investigation that he recently came on from Moline, Ill., to consult Dr. Sherman at his New York office, when he handed him a number of letters, from which the following are extracts.

Mr. Cooper was highly gratified with his researches, and took Dr. Sherman's treatment in full faith of being relieved and secured from the sufferings he had endured from trusses and the dangers of strangulated rupture.

J. H. Cooper, Esq., Moline, Ill.—Dear Sir: Your letter of the 18th inst., inquiring about Dr. J. A. Sherman received. Dr. Sherman cured me of rupture of 40 years' standing. He does not use the knife; no operation in his treatment. His treatment is his appliance and Curative Compound. His appliance does not interfere with any kind of work. I think his treatment is sure cure, for my case was a very bad one, and he cured me. Yours,

JAMES M. ASHMORE.

Charleston, Ill., July 19, '81.

Further particulars concerning Mr. Ashmore's cure, as related to one of the editors of the St. Louis Republican, can be seen in Dr. Sherman's book.

Mr. J. H. Cooper—Dear Sir: In reply to your letter of the 5th inst., would state I was treated by Dr. SHERMAN November, 1877, and have had no trouble from rupture since. I believe, judging from length of time which has elapsed, that the cure is permanent. Respectfully yours,

WM. L. HAWKINS.

Level P. O., Harford county, Md., Aug. 11, 1881.

Mr. Hawkins is a farmer, was ruptured from infancy and suffered from the long use of trusses.

J. H. Cooper, Esq.—Dear Sir: Your letter is at hand. You say you want to know something of Dr. SHERMAN'S treatment. Well, I will tell you. I have been treated by him for rupture. I must say he has done me a great deal of good. I am cured of rupture on one side. I cannot say whether he can cure you or not, but I think if I were you I would try him. I risked it myself, and I am glad of it. His appliance is easier than any truss, and more secure; will not prevent you from working, but will make you stronger, and from the start keep the rupture perfectly in place.

WILLIAM FITZPATRICK, 6 Avon St.

Boston, July 22, 1881.

Mr. J. H. Cooper—Dear Sir: Your inquiry has been unavoidably neglected. Dr. SHERMAN'S treatment has proved a success in my case, and I am confident of it being a permanent cure. His treatment consists of an appliance and a curative compound to apply to the affected parts; you will suffer with no inconvenience from either. I can heartily recommend his treatment to all who suffer from rupture. Yours, etc.

WILLIAM COLEMAN.

Mt. Vernon, Ill., Aug. 12, 1881.

Mr. Coleman is a farmer, and was treated several years since at the St. Louis office.

Mr. J. H. Cooper—Dear Sir: Yours of Aug. 6 is received, and I hasten to reply. I am 75 year old, and I owe my life, I think, to Dr. Sherman's treatment; no one else ever helped me. I now suffer no more, though not entirely cured; can do anything without fear. His appliance keeps everything at bay; there is no pain in his treatment. I have gained over twenty pounds since treated. Rupture is a dangerous affliction, and should be looked to in season. I would not be placed where I was for $1,000.

Yours in sympathy,

REV. JOHN ALDEN.

Providence, R. I., Aug 8, 1881.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN,

and the only Dr. SHERMAN known to the public in connection with the treatment and cure of rupture, has now been favorably known for over thirty years as the only successful practitioner in his specialty in this country, as thousands of grateful men and women all over the land, who have been permanently cured by his treatment, bear witness. The skeptical who have been victimized by unprincipled quacks are cheerfully referred to prominent men in this and other cities who have availed themselves of the doctor's treatment.

Book, with likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, is mailed to those who send 10 cents.

Consultation days at principal office, 251 Broadway, New York, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays of each week. Branch offices, 32 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., and 62 Milk street, Boston, Mass. Days of consultation at branch offices will be given on application to principal office.

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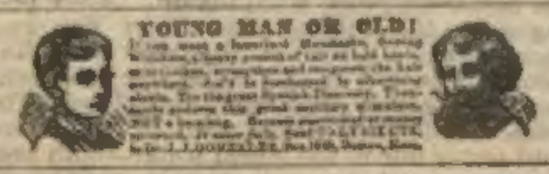

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE chief difficulty in regard to dress at present is to choose from the midst of the varieties offered to us.

Perfectly new, there is not much to speak of, if anything. It would indeed be almost impossible to find anything really new in these days, when nearly every page of history has been studied by fashion-makers. There is no distinct color more in favor than another.

New-mown hay and putty are the newest shades that have come out; but these do not exclude others; and when I say that every color and shade ever seen or dreamt of is in fashion, I give you the most correct tip on the subject.

Plaids, whether in light wool or cotton, are in great vogue for morning wear, and red, blue, green, and violet, are used for visiting, or more elegant walking-dresses. Two colors may be used on one dress, without being considered out of taste. For instance, you may combine ruby and mauve together, and blue and green!

The eye must be calmed and pleased, not startled and offended. And here, in writing, it is impossible to tell you the exact shades to unite together; you must have the colors before you, to be able to match them artistically and tastefully.

In materials, Indian cashmere and soft vigognes remain classic for ordinary wear. Some are as fine as gauze. They are preferred to cottons, because they do not crumple.

French ladies rarely wear cottons or muslins, because they crumple at the first wear, and require to be ironed every time they are worn if they are to look tidy. They are always in good taste also, and always elegant for the richest lady, as well as for the majority, who are not rich.

The various woolen voilings and woolen muslins are suitable for the warmest days, and when in white, cream, or any other light colors, may be worn under the most dressy circumstances.

For young girls and children, indeed, they are the prettiest dresses that can be worn at any time.

Cottons, resembling foulard and satin, have come out both plain and printed, and look exactly like silk and satin. For children, there are the smallest patterns imaginable on a pale, faded ground, which are as pretty as anything I have ever seen in cottons.

Indian cashmere is the material the best of all suitable for dressing, or tea-gowns, until the period of white muslin sets in. Plaids, and all kinds of light woolen dresses intended for out-door wear, are made very short.

They are trimmed round the bottom with a puffing, instead of the old-fashioned plaiting. This puffing may be of satin, if the dress is intended for elegant wear. The remainder of the skirt may be perfectly plain or covered with a deep plaiting, reaching from the waist, or trimmed with plaited flounces, varying from three to fifteen or more in number.

A scarf or paniers may be worn over the hips. With a jacket body, the scarf is best; with pointed bodies, paniers are the best, the paniers being gathered round the edge of the body. If the skirt is puffed at the back, neither scarf nor paniers are needed. I have seen flounced skirts to the waist, and kilted skirts to the waist, without either scarf or panier, and only a tightly-fitting pointed body worn with the skirt.

For morning promenades, the new woolen fabrics are extensively worn, some plain, but the greater part chequered in many subdued tints, old-blues, moss-green, bronze, fawn, terra-cotta reds, wood-color, brick, French blue, grape-color, and old-gold.

When the material is plain or with almost imperceptible chequers, the dress is often trimmed with some silken material, or silk and wool, striped, tigre, or chequered, but if the chequers are plainly visible, plain silk, moire, satin, or faille, are used, especially faille, which in some old shade makes beautiful bias bands, pleats, revers, panels, etc.

The general style of these chequered dresses is that with the long, straight redingote so well adapted for striped materials, and the habit-tunic, which looks so stylish in Pekin moire over a plain skirt. Tunics of various kinds are seen, however, all open over the skirt, the tunic gauged to the corsage with a wide heading, being obstinately returned to, in spite of its being unbecoming to most figures, though it is a suitable and becoming mode for young girls of fourteen or fifteen.

Many tunics are made which are totally different on the right and left sides, some being very graceful, and others are replaced by panier-draperies gauged to the corsage and leaving visible the greater part of the panelled skirt, these draperies being frequently of satin matching the prevailing color of the woolen material.

The back drapery consists of a cascade of chequered loops lined with satin merveilleux and mixed with loops of the material forming the panels on the skirt, the whole drapery being terminated by a square scarf-end of satin.

This is a very elegant model for any material, and is a capital method for enlivening and renewing a half-worn dress.

The paniers gauged to the corsage are most elegant and becoming when the basques of the corsage are not too short, and when headed with ten or eleven rows of fine gauging, as then they do not too much increase the size of the figure and are more graceful.

When the paniers are drawn back and fastened beneath the basques of a dress with a Princess back, it is a suitable mode for the richest toilettes.

The use of the large pinked-out ruches is so much adopted just now as to put in the shade the delicate light pleatings; indeed, if it were not for the guipures, ficelle, and other laces, with which we are at present inundated, its use would merge into abuse, but that lace flounces are more in favor than ever.

It is undeniable that there is no style of trimming so adapted for the plain skirts of rich pekins or brocbes, but it is also used for other purposes where the pleatings seem more appropriate; but no skirt trimming is more becoming to the feet and figure where the plain skirt is well made and hangs properly.

The antique reigns at present not only with reference to colors but in styles also, as for instance, the Louis XIV., XV., or XVI. toilettes; but the most favored of by-gone modes is the "Directoire" style; ladies are now seen dressed like their predecessors of 1818, the costume being slightly modified, of course, except for fancy dress. Its success will increase, and it will be much adopted by ladies of rank and leaders of fashion.

Richly embroidered cashmere is worn wrought with silk, and crepe de chine also richly embroidered, makes beautiful reception dresses, with a dark-colored habit-tunic embroidered with lighter silk round the edge and up the fronts forming a waistcoat.

The skirt is of lighter colored faille, matching the silk embroidery, the tablier being of embroidered crepe de chine, edged with a large ruche of faille or three faille pleatings.

Double tunics edged with fringe are still worn, looped high on the left side with cords and ribbons, and hanging loose like a curtain on the right.

Some very stylish paletot-visites are made for spring wear of various grey cloths, cashmere, and chequered materials, gauged down the back, and with pleated skirts at the back, trimmed with cords and tassels. Among them is of course the stylish paletot made from an Indian shawl, which has had, and will have, an extraordinary success.

Elegant confections are also made of broche in dark rich colors, trimmed with Spanish or Chantilly lace and beaded passementeries.

A confection reaching to the knees is of black broche, made in the visite form, a panel gauged into a Watteau point ornamenting the back, trimmed with a double row of Spanish lace headed by a band of passementerie.

A scarf panier of satin is gathered beneath the point behind under a rich passementerie ornament, and fastened beneath the lace and passementerie down the front; the sleeves are trimmed to match the edge.

The long D'Orsay levite is made of plain cloth or damask cloth, dark-green or iron-brown, and is worn over any costume of surah, cashmere, or moire. Young girls wear them over a skirt of plush, crenelated over a cashmere underskirt, edged with a wide, pinked-out ruche. A costume of this description has the levite of Russian-green cloth, the collar and parements being of velvet.

Fireside Chat.

BEAUTY—HOW TO PRESERVE IT.

WOMEN of all ages have always sought to increase their charms, and to retain them as long as possible, both by artificial as well as by natural means; and the endeavors were even greater adepts in composing cosmetics of every kind than are our modern ladies, so much belied by contemporary historians.

According to Enoch, it was the angel Azaliel who taught women the art of beautifying themselves; and this was before the Deluge. Job, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and others also allude to the cosmetics used by the women of their day, who also, like the Egyptians, Arabians, Indians, and Turks of the past and present, used antimony for the eyes a short time back, and it may be supposed that it was Jewish women who transmitted the art of "making up" to all the nations conquered by their sires, and also to those by whom they were conquered; as, for instance, to the Romans, who, as early as the time of Augustus, had already reached perfection in the art. Those noble Roman matrons, who are held up to modern women as models for all to follow, knew every secret of nature and art by which their charms could be enhanced. Poppæa, one of Nero's wives—and he was her third husband—was so anxious to conserve her beauty that she used to bathe and wash herself in nothing else but asses' milk. She kept five hundred asses for this, and even when banished she was attended by fifty asses for this purpose. She also made a paste or pomatum to preserve beauty and which was called *poppæanum*, in her house. This paste was made of wheat flour, mixed with oil and asses' milk to the thickness of ordinary cold cream. This she spread over her face at night, and also kept on her face at home at all hours when she was alone. She never appeared in public, however, with this paste on her face; she wiped it gently off with a soft cloth, steeped in the asses' milk alone, before showing herself. Even at the present day, Roman ladies wash with bread steeped in aromatic vinegar or virginal milk, to which is attributed their lovely creamy complexion which poets compare to "Venus's bosom."

I do not suppose that asses' milk is absolutely necessary for this pomade—or cream, as it would now be called; no doubt any other milk would answer the same purpose. I would even suggest a paste made of flour or ground rice—but grind and powder it yourself—and virginal milk, which is made by dropping, say, four drachms of tincture of benzoin in half a pint of rosewater, mixed to the desired thickness with almond oil or pure spermaceti. And if you previously boil in the milk a little bark of Panama wood, which froths like soap, you will find that this will smoothe and whiten the skin without the aid of any other cosmetic. You may even make your benzoin tincture yourself, to be sure of its being genuine. You had better add the Panama wood to it at once; say fifty drachms of Panama wood to twenty-five drachms of benzoin in powder. Steep the whole for about a week in a pint of alcohol, at seventy degrees. Stir or shake every day, then filter and bottle, and keep well corked till wanted. One teaspoonful of this will suffice for an ordinary sized cold-cream pot. Melt the spermaceti then, and stir into it the teaspoonful of tincture, and add the flour, stirring all the time till the paste is thick enough to be substantial, but soft enough to be spread on the face. This is the *poppæanum* paste without the asses' milk. A similar paste, or emulsion, is made by modern perfumers with blanched almonds instead of flour; but flour is more easily obtained, and is quite as efficacious, if not more so. As I have already stated, this is gently removed in the morning with a soft linen cloth steeped in milk or in virginal milk, which you make by pouring a desert-spoonful of the benzoin tincture in the basin of water, or a teaspoonful to a glass full of water. If you have patience to do this every night and morning you will soon see the good effects of the cure, and will need no white washes during the day. The paste also is so pleasant a scent, owing to the benzoin tincture, that it cannot prove disagreeable to anyone. Over it, for the night, you may add a coating of ground rice-powder, or even of ordinary flour, which you may scent with ground orris root, that is, iris-powder. This is also an excellent remedy against wrinkles, sunburn, chapped skin, etc., and is always preferable to day-cosmetics, which mostly spoil the complexion instead of improving it, and are generally visible. The paste of which I have here given the recipe will whiten the skin, whilst keeping it firm and elastic; but it must be worn at night, and before putting it on, clean the face from all the dust of the day, either with a little of the same pomatum, which you immediately wipe off, or with simple cold-cream, or a few drops of benzoin in water, and then spread the face with the *poppæanum* paste. Do not expect to have a complexion like white wax immediately after your first experiment. Miracles are not possible. But continue this for a month, and persevere in it till it has succeeded. Marguerite de Valois owed her marvellous complexion to this paste; but she went further than Poppæa. She spread the paste under a mask, and kept this on all night, thus frightening her husband from her presence; and this was one of the pleas he urged against her when seeking a divorce from her. The *poppæanum* paste, without the mask, if made as above directed, is not unpleasant, and will frighten no husband away. I once more add, try it, and continue the trial for weeks—weeks; the longer you continue it the better for your complexion. After being out in the cold air also, when you return, spread a little of the paste over the face, and keep it on as long as you can, then remove it gently, as already described. To keep a soft skin never wash either in too cold water nor in too warm water—both are injurious; and above all things never use soap to the face.

SIN does not produce devils in us all at once, any more than grace begets angels. There is an infancy in evil as well as in good, and it is often hard to tell the imp from the cherub. But each surely matures. We must check or cherish it early, or the demon will grow and the seraph perish.

Correspondence.

M. A. D., (Kane, Ill.)—The story has not been, and hardly will be, published in book form. Perhaps some time in the future we may republish it.

P. N., (Dora, Ind.)—As far as we are concerned, we have found them all right. Further than to say that, we do not care to endorse them in any way.

HETTIE, (Trigg, Ky.)—If the gentleman means anything more than friendship by his attentions he will no doubt take an early opportunity of making his intentions known to you. 2. There would be no disparity in the marriage.

MARK, (Will, Ill.)—1. Ludwig von Beethoven, the musical composer, was born in Bonn, Prussia, December 16 or 17, 1770, and died in Vienna, March 26, 1827. 2. Thein is pronounced *the-in*. 3. Glycerine and bay rum, it is said, will promote the growth of the beard without injury to the skin. 4. Glycerine and lemon juice will soften and whiten the hands.

E. N., (Desha, Ark.)—You are in the wrong. "Between you and I" ought to be "between you and me." "Between" is a preposition and governs the objective "you," which "and" connects with the next pronoun, so it must be in the objective also. But "I" is nominative and "me" is objective. Dickens knew that the phrase was ungrammatical, and wished to show the illiterate character of the speaker.

SUBSCRIBER, (Milton, Pa.)—1. The words have no meaning whatever. 2. As you have spoken to your parents, and they are willing, we also advise you to accept the young man. As he is doing well, and loves you, we cannot see what more you can ask. The slight difference in age is more in his favor than otherwise. 3. Your handwriting is very good indeed. In our opinion, to attempt to improve it might do more harm than good.

INQUIRER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The wedding anniversaries, old style and new, are as follows: First anniversary, iron; fifth anniversary, wooden; tenth anniversary, tin; fifteenth anniversary, crystal; twentieth anniversary, china; twenty-fifth anniversary, silver; thirtieth anniversary, cotton; thirty-fifth anniversary, linen; fortieth anniversary, woolen; forty-fifth anniversary, silk; fiftieth anniversary, golden; seventy-fifth anniversary, diamond.

LONG NOSE, (Ogle, Ill.)—When strangers are introduced, no matter what the age or sex, they usually confine their first attempts at conversation to general topics, such as the weather, or some circumstance connection. Afterwards—that is, when they have become friends—their conversation will grow out of their mutual tastes, the books they read, the people they know, their daily experiences, and the like. It is impossible to give rules: no rule can supply the place of brains and intelligence.

KITTY, (Baltimore, Md.)—A lady is invited to take the gentleman's arm. 2. We do not think the process you describe lady-like. Whether other ladies should refuse to acknowledge the transgressor is a question to which we cannot give a categorical answer. 3. It is not in good taste. 4. We are not authorities on the kinds of dances. 5. "Right" is an indefinite word. A thing may be "all right" as compared with stealing or lying, and all wrong as set beside womanly dignity, reserve, and self-respect.

HELENE, (Wilmington, Del.)—The apricot and the peach are botanically allied, but it has not been established that either of them can be developed from the other. There are not sufficient botanical differences between the peach, apricot, almond, plum and cherry to separate them as distinctive genera, and the most recent view places them all in one genus of plants. It is supposed by some authorities that the almond is the original of them all. It is said that the almond and peach have been cross-fertilized and produced fruit intermediate in character.

FEMININE, (Norfolk, Mass.)—1. Certainly not. Go into society as often as you can, and make yourself agreeable as possible. Many young ladies at twenty-seven do not look to be more than twenty-one, perhaps you may be one of these. Your wish to marry "some good, true man" is a very natural one, and you need not be ashamed of it. Do not take the advice of your friends, and give up all hope. Hope on. If you have the means and time, it would improve your chances if you would live away from your native town for some time. You would meet strange faces, male and female, and become at last some time an object of greater interest to those among whom you have been brought up. At all events, you are not old enough to despair.

B. Y., (Lee, Va.)—Although your case is not so hard as you think it is, and although in a few years you may be very glad that you were not allowed as much freedom to get into mischief as some girls have, still we sympathize with you. But the remedy you suggest is a very bad one. No man, whom you would be fitter for living, would advertise for a correspondent of the other sex in the papers, and even the sort who do would have very little respect for any girl who answered their advertisements. Your best course is to cultivate the society of other girls of your own age, try to interest your step-sister in them—you do not know how you might brighten her life by doing so—and with regard to gentlemen, wait till they come to you: a course which, even for the vulgar purpose of "husband-catching," often pays best.

G. S., (Pittsylvania, Va.)—Cæsar Borgia was one of the most infamous characters in history. He was born about the year 1477 and died in 1507. He was appointed to high offices, and by free use of the dagger and of poison he put everyone who crossed his path out of the way, and readily succeeded to their estates. He was suspected of procuring the murder of his own brother, Giovanni Borgia, Duke of Gandia, who was found in the Tiber, pierced by nine stilettos strokes by unknown hands. At all events, Cæsar Borgia obtained his dead brother's duchy and other possessions. Finally, as historians allege, in August, 1503, he in conjunction with his father, concocted the plan of poisoning four of the wealthiest cardinals, at an evening supper party; but by mistake the poison, which was mixed in wine, was drank by his father and himself. His father died in a week, but Cæsar, who had taken but little of the wine, survived. His career thenceforth was downward, and he was finally slain in an indecorous skirmish. His sister, Lucrezia, was remarkable for beauty and accomplishments. She has often been represented as a monster of profligacy, and her name has been a synonym of infamy. It is alleged that she shared in the atrocities of her father and brother, and even went beyond them in perfidy and crime. On the other hand, she has had her defenders, who strongly deny the crimes against her.